

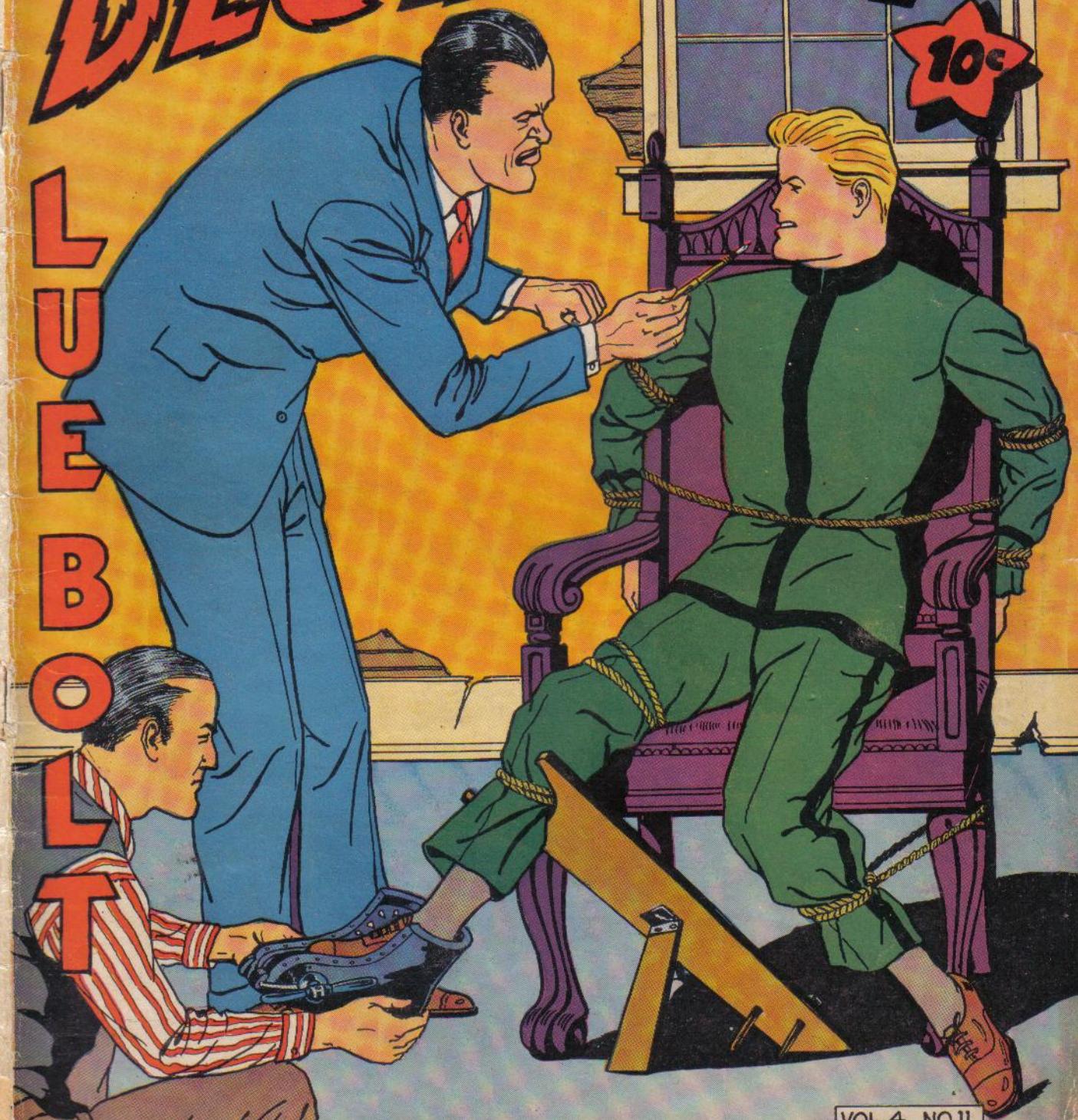
★ FEATURING
DICK COLE * EDISON BELL

BLUE BOLT

BLUE BOLT

JUNE

10c



VOL. 4 NO. 11

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



BLUE BOLT FLASHES

Youthful readers of **BLUE BOLT** can tell their parents that the editors select good, clean, straight adventure stories and comedy material. We look for interesting and amusing ideas, and try to get good drawing, good color work, good lettering. . . . Always read your **BLUE BOLT** in a good light. You'll enjoy the drawings more. You'll read the lettering easier. You'll take better care of your eyes. . . . Only a few out of many good letters received this month can be printed. We'll mention, though, some of the good ideas sent in by readers whose letters were not printed. . . . **Charles Boye**, a Seabee, noted that we misspelled the name of that grand organization. We'll get it right hereafter. . . . **Alice Fedena** of Chester, Pennsylvania, asks for more stories about girls, saying "you might think girls aren't important." It isn't that, Alice. We are just trying to please the majority of our readers. If readers want more girls in **BLUE BOLT**, we can print more stories about girls. . . . **Joanne Motsinger** of Snyder, New York, tells of her two little dachshunds who aren't tall

enough to join the Canine Corps but who have given up meat for the duration. Her pet alligator isn't so cooperative, she says, as he insists on four tablespoons of hamburger each week.

. . . **Norman Legg** and the members of his family write to fifty-four servicemen. Norman has a brother in Italy whom he hasn't seen in almost three years. . . . **Ralph Newell** of Utica, Illinois, borrowed a stack of comic books from his cousin Corky, read them all, and selected **BLUE BOLT** as the best. . . . Are you a reader who has good ideas about **BLUE BOLT** but hesitates to write? You're just the person we'd like to hear from. Even if your letter isn't printed, the editors will read it carefully and consider your thoughts. You can help make **BLUE BOLT** a better magazine, so come along, write, and give your honest opinions. One dollar will be paid for each letter published.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS.

Howdy Molefaces:

BLUE BOLT COMICS they always take a prize (the booby prize). Humor is humor but don't you think you're stretching things a bit far with Krisco and Jasper. **BLUE BOLT** is my second worst comic book with **TARGET** coming in last. Aren't your little letter writers—I should say Zombie followers—cute little loving things though. Everyone knows that though you get sweet notes from little bribed kiddies they aren't for congratulations but to win a dollar or two.

I have 9,119,991,919 1000 dollar war bonds (ain't I patriotic).

I do suppose lots of guys write in letters like me, but you'd be ashamed to put them on the moleface's (editor's no doubt) page, eh! My dear molefaces what you need is a new magazine (completely new).

Yours truly,
Giles Schutte
Erie, Pa.

We'll gladly pay for and print a GOOD letter of criticism. America is a free country, and we all have the right to express our opinions. But it's more helpful when critical writers say just WHY they do not like a feature. We will not print other letters like yours, Giles. Think it over, and you will realize that there are several good reasons why we say that.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I like **BLUE BOLT COMICS** better than any yet. I have but one criticism. I think you should take out Old Cap

Hawkins and put in someone that girls like. Most girls like Fearless Fellers because there is a girl in it. Dick Cole is marvelous.

That's not the only thing I like about **BLUE BOLT**. It's swell the way the editors take the criticism.

A reader,
Diane Miller
St. Louis, Mo.

Thanks a lot, Diane. We are glad you find so much you like in **BLUE BOLT**.

* * *

A V-Mail letter from Robert Wilson, W.O., passed by Naval censor.

Dear Sirs:

One of your Comic Magazines found its way up here in the frozen north. Being a Seabee, I naturally enjoyed Krisco and Jasper in the Seabees.

While there is not much likelihood that another **BLUE BOLT** will find its way to this island, I would certainly enjoy following the adventures of the above-mentioned sailors.

Very truly yours,
Robert Wilson, W.O.

Krisco and Jasper are an entertaining pair. We hope they can keep up with you, wherever you go.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I am a boy of nine years of age and I am in the fifth grade. I like **BLUE BOLT COMICS** very much. I like Edison Bell because I like to read about a typical American boy and I think Eddie and his pals are very patriotic because they make their own WOODEN things.

I make Eddie's inventions because he

makes very interesting things. I never missed an issue of **BLUE BOLT** and I never will.

I buy many War Savings Stamps and Bonds. I have four Bonds now and have \$13.40 in my new book. I am a Junior Service Warden and collect old rags, paper, tin cans, and rubber.

Yours always,
Kenneth Chane
Philadelphia, Pa.

Your contribution to the war effort is fine, Ken, and we're glad that you relax and enjoy Edison Bell now and then.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have been reading **BLUE BOLT COMICS** ever since I can remember, and I like it very much. Dick Cole and Sergeant Spook are my favorites.

I am fifteen years old and a freshman in George Washington High School.

I have bought at least \$200 worth of War Bonds and will keep on buying them until victory is won. I buy War Bonds so that victory will be won sooner.

When the United Nations win, my native land, Greece, will be freed from the Germans. I was born in Greece and came to America with my parents when I was a baby.

Yours truly,
Lillian Kalezis
Danville, Va.

All good Americans will rejoice with you, Lillian, when Greece and other countries overrun by the Nazis are freed from their oppressors.

DICK COLE

JIM WILCOX-44

AFTERNOON CLASSES ARE OVER AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY, AND, IT BEING THE LAST WEEK OF THE SCHOOL YEAR, THE BOYS HAVE FREE TIME UNTIL EVENING MESS. WE FIND DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARNO IN THEIR ROOM—

DICK, DO ME A BIG FAVOR? TAKE THIS ENVELOPE TO MR. MAXON OF MAXON COMPANY IN CENTERVIEW? IT'S VERY IMPORTANT. I CAN'T GO—I HAVE TO CRAM FOR MY EXAM TOMORROW.

GLAD TO, SIMBA. I CAN MAKE IT AND RETURN IN TIME FOR EVENING MESS.

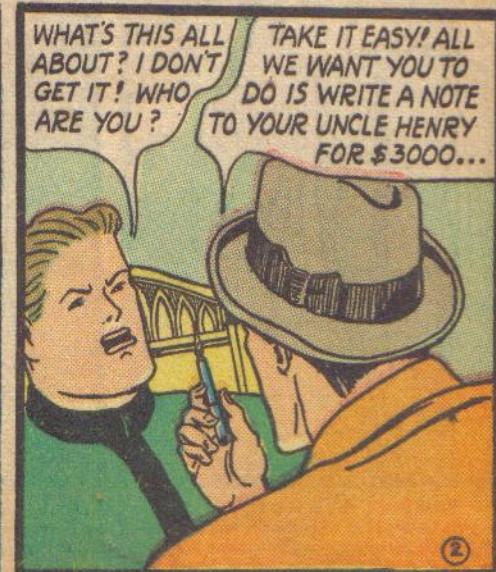
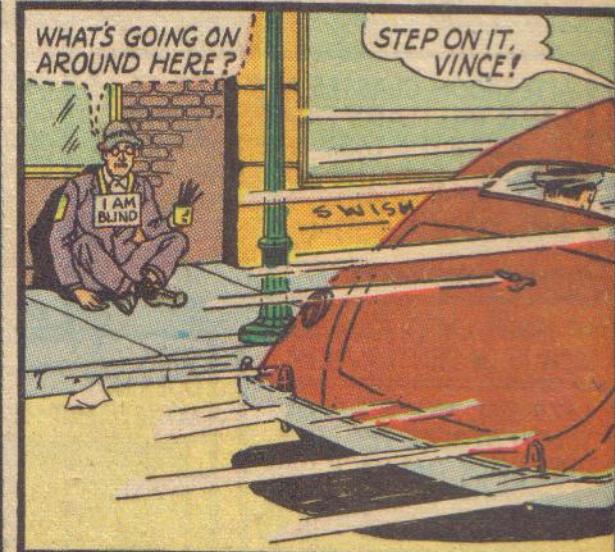
AN HOUR LATER DICK IS IN CENTERVIEW.

LET'S SEE, MAXON'S IS ON SOUTH STREET. TEN MINUTES WALK THE BACK WAY.

DICK DOES NOT NOTICE THAT HE IS FOLLOWED.

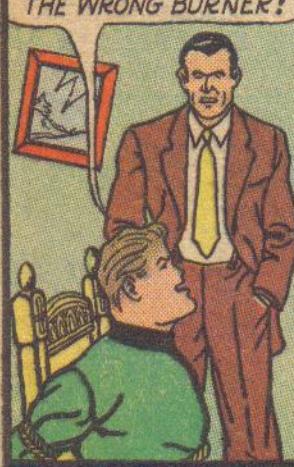
AS HE PASSES A DARK ALLEY THERE IS A SHRILL WHISTLE —





WRITE UNC-\$3000! WHY,
I HAVEN'T AN UNCLE HEN-
RY! YOU'RE COOKIN' ON
THE WRONG BURNER!

OH YEAH? YOU ARE
DIRK KOAL OF FARR
ACADEMY, ARENT YOU?



YES, I'M DICK COLE
OF FARR. SO WHAT?

THEN YOU HAVE AN UNCLE,
HENRY KOAL, GUARDIAN
FOR YOU AND YOUR SIS-
TER, HELEN KOAL. UNCLE HENRY
LOOKS AFTER THE 2,000,000 BUCKS
YOU TWO BRATS INHERITED —



YOU'RE NUTS! I
HAVEN'T A SIS-
TER HELEN OR
AN UNCLE HEN—

SHUT UP! YOU ADMIT YOU'RE
KOAL OF FARR. YOU'LL WRITE
THE NOTE! BILL, BRING THE
BOOT—WE'LL FIT IT ON KOAL!

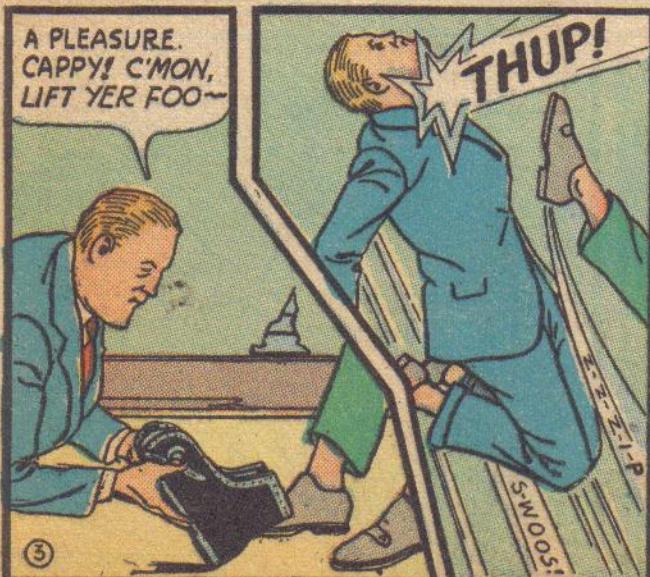


THIS OLD TIMER GUARANTEES RESULTS. PUT IT
ON HIS RIGHT FOOT, BILL.



A PLEASURE.
CAPPY! C'MON,
LIFT YER FOO—

THUP!



AH! THAT WILL HOLD HIM! VINCE, YOU PUT IT ON.
NOT TOO TIGHT—



WHAT! NO GROANS? A BIT TIGHTER, VINCE!



AS THE CRUEL PRESSURE INCREASES, DICK GIVES AN INVOLUNTARY MOAN.

RESULTS! EASE IT A BIT, VINCE... NOW, KOAL... WILL YOU WRITE THAT LETTER?



YOU FIEND! I WOULDN'T WRITE IT IF I HAD AN UNCLE!

TSK-TSK. VINCE, SOME REAL PRESSURE FOR A MINUTE OR TWO!



THE SCENE SHIFTS TO FARR ACADEMY. SIMBA IS, SOMEHOW, WORRIED OVER DICK'S ABSENCE FROM MESS.

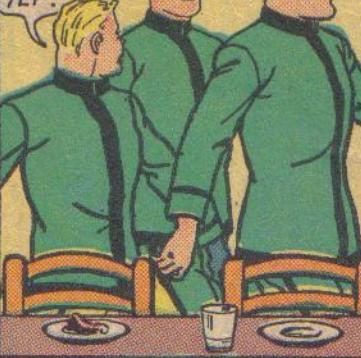
HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK. MAYBE HE MISSED THE BUS...



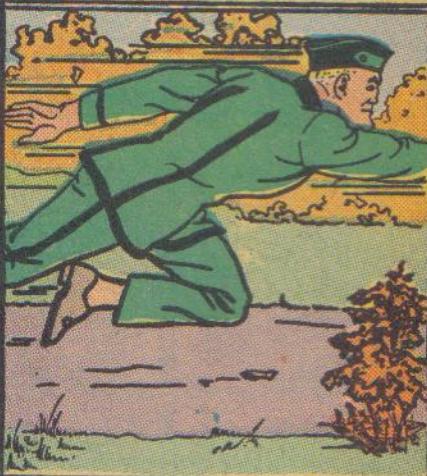
WONDER WHY I'M WORRIED? BY GOLLY! I'M GONNA MAKE A SNEAK!

GOOD DESSERT, EH, KID?

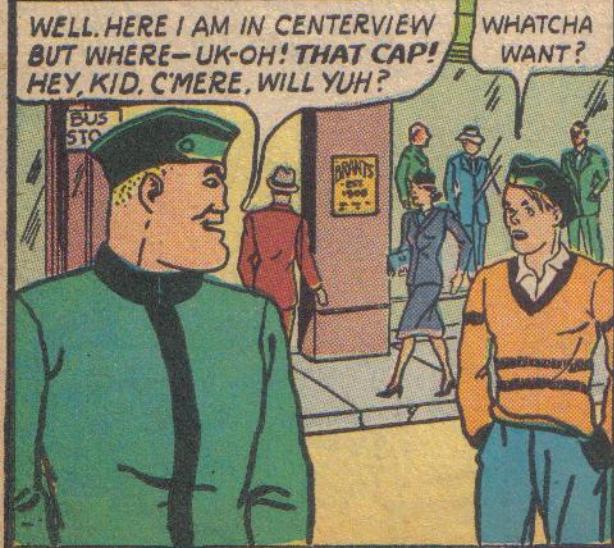
YEP!



SLIPPING OUT THE BACK WAY, SIMBA RACES TO THE BUS STOP



WELL, HERE I AM IN CENTERVIEW BUT WHERE—UK-OH! THAT CAP! HEY, KID. C'MERE, WILL YUH?



WHATCHA WANT?

I'LL GIVE YOU TWO BITS TO SEE THAT CAP.

OKE! IF YOU'LL GIVE IT BACK.

D-I-C-K C-O-L-S-O-N! WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?



I FOUND IT IN THE ALLEY NEXT TO THE EVANS GROCERY STORE. FINDERS KEEPERS! SO GIMME!

SIMBA RACES TO EVANS GROCERY STORE.

THIS MUST BE THE ALLEY. MAYBE I NOW IF I CAN JUST FIND- CAN HELP YOU?



HUH? BUT YOU'RE BLI-ER-AH, THANKS. I'M LOOKING FOR MY PAL WHO WAS HERE AWHILE FARR STUDENT, AGO. YES? TWO BUCKS- AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED.

THANKS, BUD.. THREE MEN JUMPED YOUR PAL, PUT HIM IN A CAR, AND BEAT IT EAST ON ELM STREET. AND THAT'S ALL.



YOU DARNED OLD PHONEY-THANKS! BUT WHERE DID THEY~

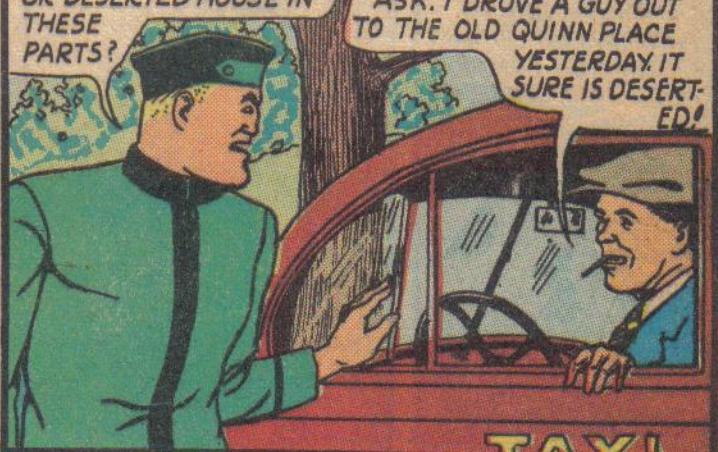
SORRY, I COULDN'T SEE THAT FAR! HEH-HEH-HEH!



ON A HUNCH SIMBA GOES UP THE STREET TO A CAB STAND.

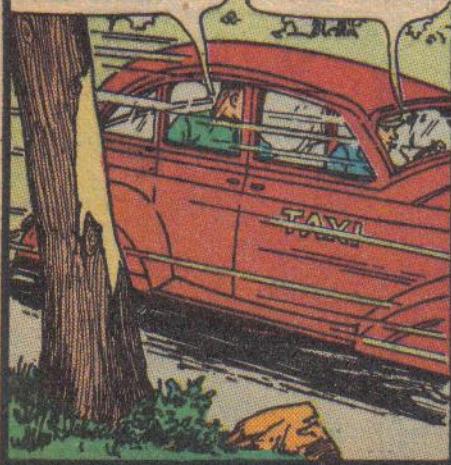
SAY, MAC, IS THERE A CAVE OR DESERTED HOUSE IN THESE PARTS?

FUNNY YOU ASK. I DROVE A GUY OUT TO THE OLD QUINN PLACE YESTERDAY. IT SURE IS DESERTED!



FIVE BUCKS EXTRA IF YOU MAKE IT IN HALF TIME!

BROTHER... YOU'RE PRACTICALLY THERE.



THERE SHE BE-- AND YOU CAN HAVE IT. WANT ME TO WAIT?

UH, YES. I'LL BE BACK SOON.



AS SIMBA NEARS THE HOUSE HE HEARS VOICES.... HE CLIMBS ONTO A RICKETY RAIN BARREL AND PEERS THROUGH A CRACK IN A SHUTTER - AND INSIDE, SEES-



YOU BULL-HEADED DOPE! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES TO CHANGE YOUR MIND. IF YOU DON'T -!!



I HAVEN'T ANY UNCLE! I WON'T WRITE!

O-O-OH! AN IRON BOOT! IT'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN DICK'S FOOT!... THIS IS NO GOOD - I'LL TRY IN BACK.



SIMBA FINDS AN UN-FASTENED SHUTTER.

SOMEHOW I GOT TO GET 'EM OUT OF THAT ROOM SO I CAN FREE DICK



WELL, WELL! OLD PAPERS AND TRASH! NOW A NICE FIRE -?



THE FIVE MINUTES ARE UP! WELL -

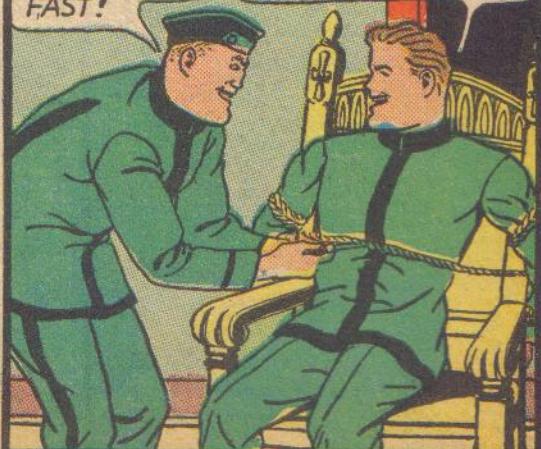
CAPPY!! I - SMELL SMOKE! SOMETHING'S ON FIRE!



WHAT! HOW - C'MON! WE GOTTA PUT THAT OUT! HE'LL KEEP!



IN THE CONFUSION SIMBA REACHES WE'RE GETTIN' OUT OF HERE AM I GLAD DICK. TO SEE YOU, OLD BOY! FAST!



JUST AS DICK IS
COMPLETELY FREED

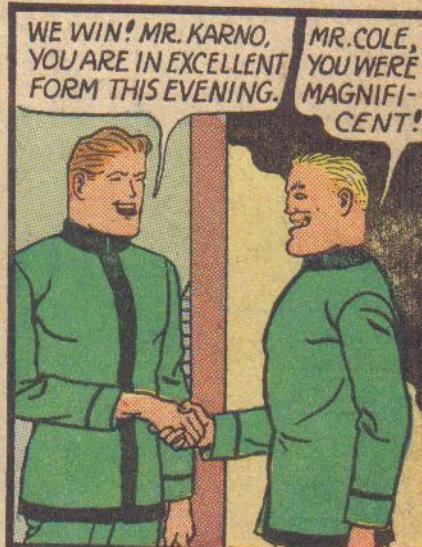
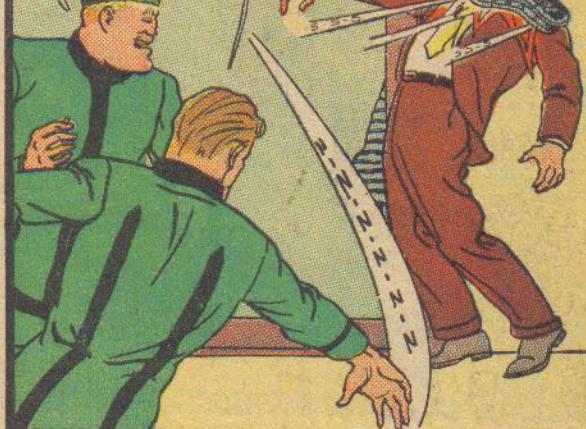
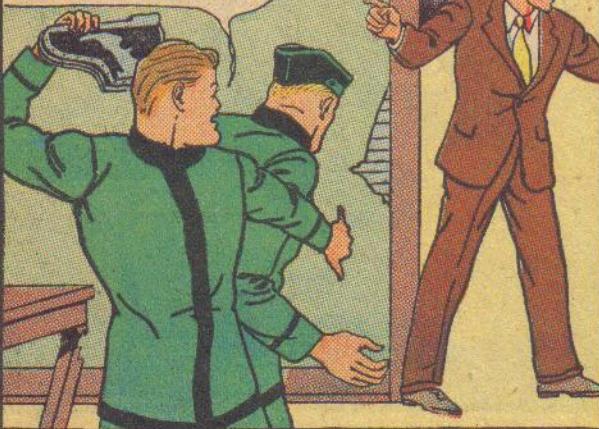
ONE SIDE, SIMBA!
I OWE VINCE ONE!

COME ON, GANG!
HERE'S THE GUY
WHO DID IT!

STRIKE! SET
'EM UP IN THE
OTHER ALLEY!

CHARGE!
SIMBA!

BOC!



QUICKLY THE BOYS BIND
THEIR PROSTRATE FOES.

INTO THE CHAIR
WITH HIM, SIMBA

NOW, MR. CAPPY,
YOU SPILL WHAT
THIS IS ALL
ABOUT OR
YOU GET
THE BOOT!

NO!
NO!!
NOT
THE BOOT.
I-I'LL TALK-

JERRY DE LANCE HIRED US TO
KIDNAP YOU SO WE COULD
RANSOM YOU TO YOUR
UNCLE, HENRY KOAL. JERRY
IS REALLY JERRY SHARPE,
EX-CONVICT. HE NEEDED
FUNDS TO KEEP UP HIS SO-
CIAL FRONT WITH YOUR SIS-
TER, HELEN. HE
PLANS TO
MARRY HER
FOR HER
MONEY.



BUT I HAVE
NO SISTER
OR UNC-

HOLD EVERYTHING!
DOES THIS ER."UNCLE
HENRY" LIVE IN BIG CITY,
1000 BROADVIEW DRIVE?

YES

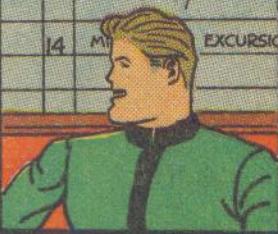
I GET IT! HIS NEPHEW,
DIRK K-O-A-L, IS A
NEW STUDENT AT
FARR. DICK C-O-L-E
WAS KIDNAPPED BY
MISTAKE!

SO! SIMBA,
TAKE CARE
OF THESE
GUYS. ME
FOR BIG
CITY AND
JERRY DE LANCE!
SO LONG!

DICK TAKES SIMBA'S
CAB TO THE CENTER-
VIEW R.R. STATION.

NO TRAIN FOR TWO
HOURS. HA! A FREIGHT.
I'LL RIDE THE RODS!

NO	DEPARTURE
29	LOCAL TO BIG CITY
4	COAST EXPRESS TO
17	LOCAL TO MILLVILLE
14	EXCURSION



I'LL SEE HENRY KOAL. I HOPE
DE LANCE IS THERE. I OWE
HIM FOR A SORE FOOT!

THE FREIGHT STOPS IN THE
YARDS.
I GOTCHA! COME
OUT O' THERE, YA BUM!

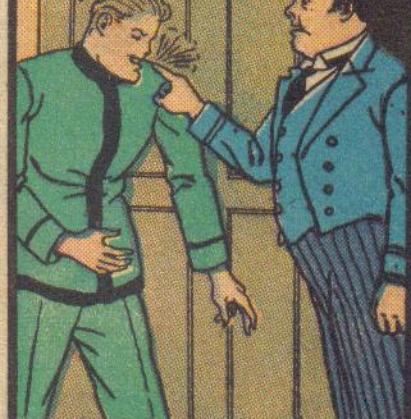
BUT OFFICER,
I'M NOT A BUM.
I JUST HAD-
SHUT UP!
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST, SO-
MARCH!



I WISH TO SEE SOLICITORS, -
MR. HENRY TRADES PEOPLE, -
SIDE ENTRANCE -
ME GOOD MAN.

THIS IS PERSONAL, QUITE
SO, BUT
OH, NO YOU DONT-
MR. KOAL CAWNT
BE SEEN. SO-O-
BEGONE!

IF YOU DONT LEAVE INSTANTLY,
I'LL CALL FOR
THAT OFFICER
OUT FRONT!

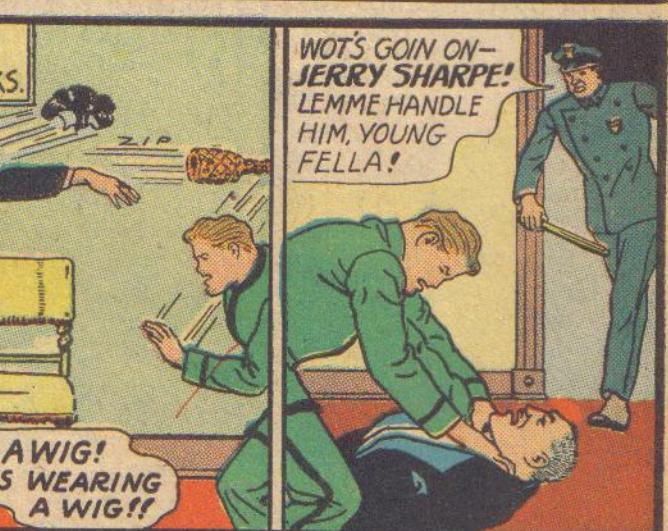


AS THE BUTLER BENDS TO
LOOK, DICK GRABS HIS COAT-
TAILS AND ~
THERE! THAT
WILL HOLD YOU!



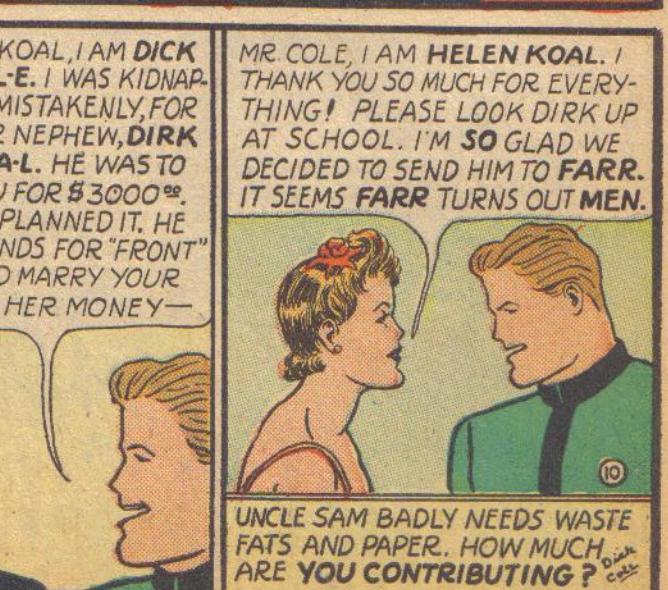


WARNED
BY THE
SHRIEK,
DICK DUCKS.



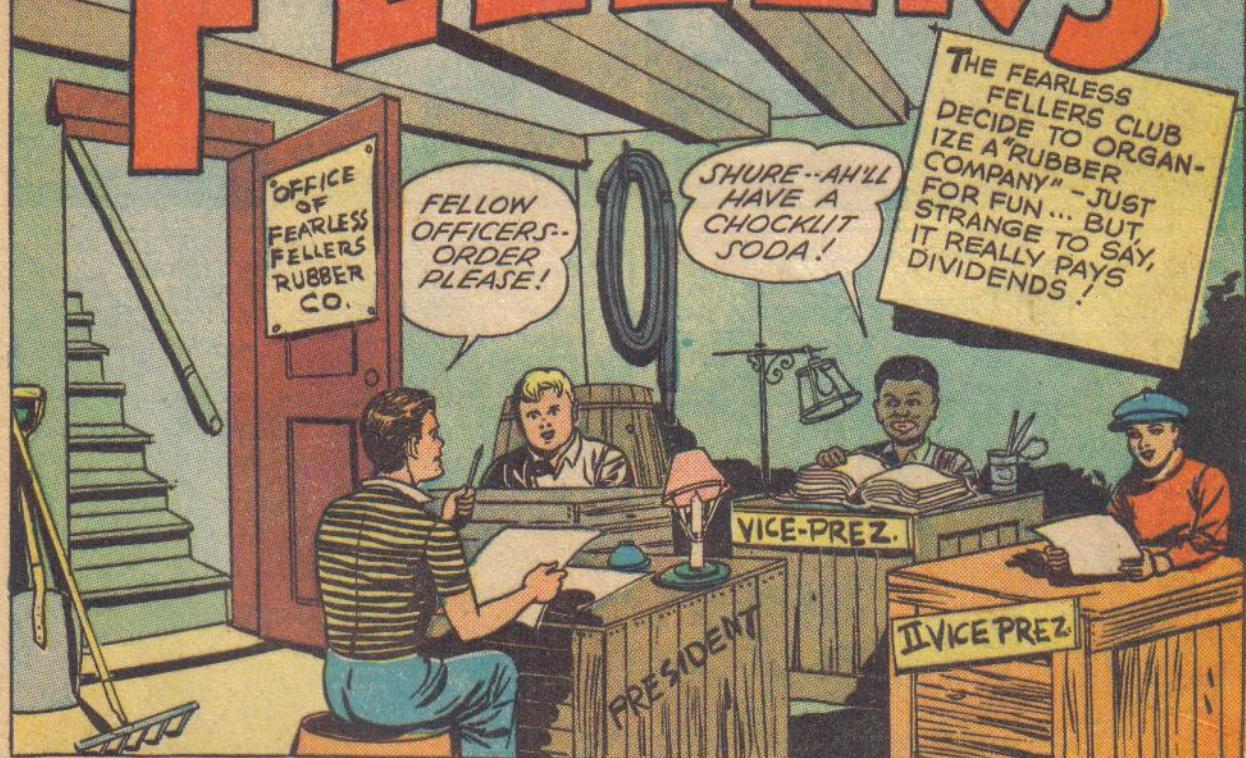
BUT I
DON'T
UNDER-
STAND!

MR. KOAL, I AM DICK
C-O-L-E. I WAS KIDNAP-
PED, MISTAKENLY, FOR
YOUR NEPHEW, DICK
K-O-A-L. HE WAS TO
WRITE YOU FOR \$3000.00.
DE LANCE PLANNED IT. HE
NEEDED FUNDS FOR "FRONT"
SO HE COULD MARRY YOUR
NIECE FOR HER MONEY—



UNCLE SAM BADLY NEEDS WASTE
FATS AND PAPER. HOW MUCH
ARE YOU CONTRIBUTING?

FEARLESS FELLERS



MEANWHILE, PUDGE'S DAD GETS A VISIT FROM THE LOCAL COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF HAY FEVER --

YOU'LL HAVE TO CLEAN THE RAGWEED OUT OF YOUR LOT, MR. STEBBINS -- IT IS A MENACE TO THE TOWN!

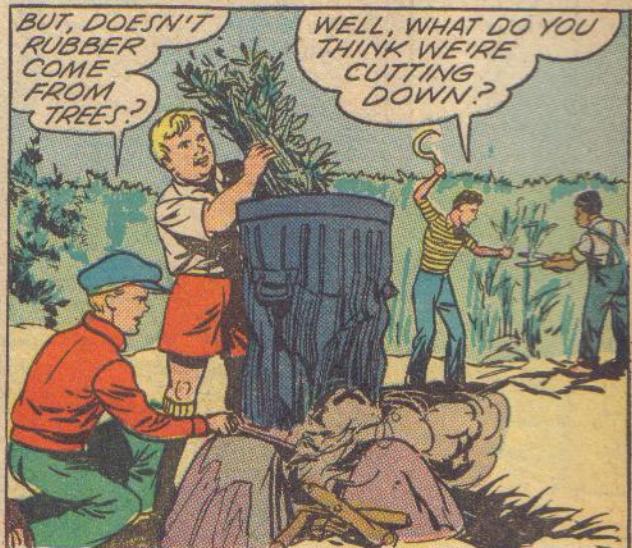


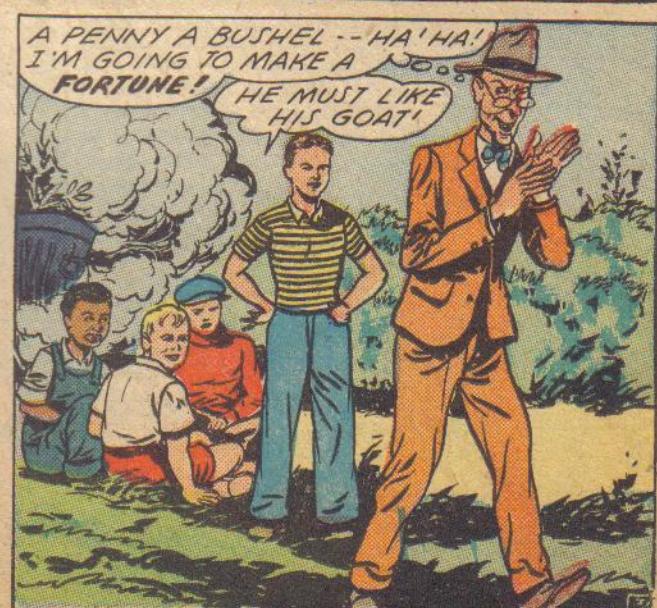
MM-- GUESS I'LL HAVE
TO DO SOMETHING
ABOUT
THAT!



LATER-- SAY, CHUCK-- HOW
WOULD YOU BOYS
LIKE TO EARN A
DOLLAR?







SO--

AN' THIS MAKES
FIVE MO; MR.
PINCH!

ALL RIGHT, YOU
LITTLE ROBBER.
HERE'S YOUR
NICKEL!

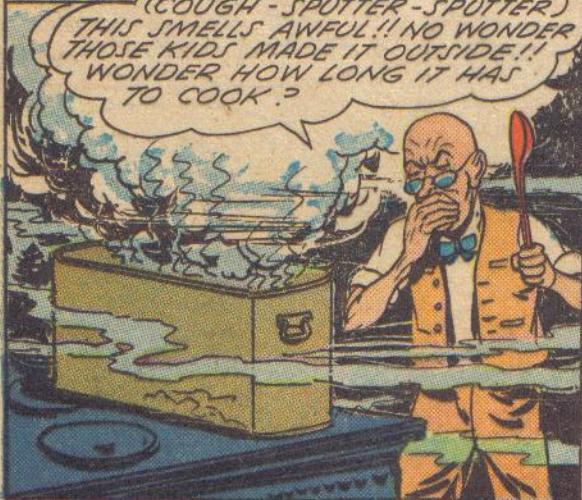


AH--A PILE OF WEALTH! I
MUST CORNER ALL THE
RAGWEED IN TOWN--
TOMORROW, WHEN THE
COLOSSAL RUBBER
COMPANY MAN
GETS HERE,
HE'LL HAVE TO
DEAL WITH
ME!



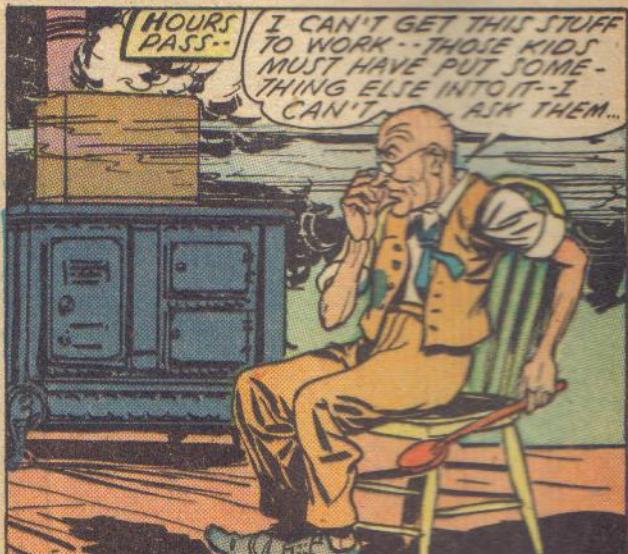
SILAS PINCH TRIES HIS HAND AT MAKING
RUBBER!

(COUGH - SPUTTER - SPUTTER)
THIS SMELLS AWFUL!! NO WONDER
THOSE KIDS MADE IT OUTSIDE!!
WONDER HOW LONG IT HAS
TO COOK?



(HOURS
PASS--)

I CAN'T GET THIS STUFF
TO WORK--THOSE KIDS
MUST HAVE PUT SOME-
THING ELSE INTO IT--I
CAN'T ASK THEM...



MEANWHILE, THE FEARLESS FELLERS
COUNT UP THEIR PROFIT...)

AND
COUNTING YOUR DAD'S
DOLLAR, PUDGE;
WE HAVE FOUR
DOLLARS AND
SIXTY THREE
CENTS!

HERE'S THE HALF
DOLLAR THAT MR.
PINCH GAVE ME
FOR THAT OLD HUNK
OF
RUBBER!



DO YOU SUPPOSE HIS
GOAT EATS THAT
TOO? YOU KNOW, I
THINK OLD PINCH
IS A BIT WHACKY!



ANYHOW, HIS GOAT
SHURE AM FUSSY--
AH SAW HIM COOKIN'
UP THOSE OLD WEEDS!



THE FEARLESS FELLERS DECIDE HOW TO SPEND THEIR WEALTH!

WE SHOULD DO SOMETHIN' SPECIAL!

LOOK.. SPECIAL

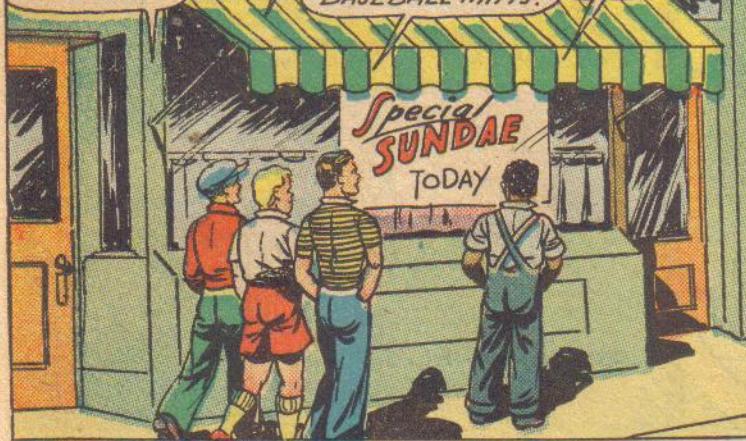
SUNDAE!

OR FRIED

CHICKEN

AND WATER...

NO... HOW ABOUT
BASEBALL MITTS?



WAIT -- THOSE THINGS WOULD ALL BE NICE BUT WE'RE GOING TO BUY MORE WAR STAMPS -- C'MON!



UNKNOWINGLY, THE "FELLERS" ADD INSULT TO INJURY!

PARDON -- CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO MR. SILAS PINCH'S HOME?

OH, SURE! YOU GO RIGHT DOWN MAIN STREET TO...



MANY TESTS LATER ...

WHY -- BUT, THIS RUBBER WAS PRODUCED FROM RAGWEED! I SAW -- ER - I DID IT MYSELF!

HUMBUG!! YOU OUGHT TO BE JAILED FOR FRAUD!



WASTING OUR GOOD TIME ON THAT STUFF!

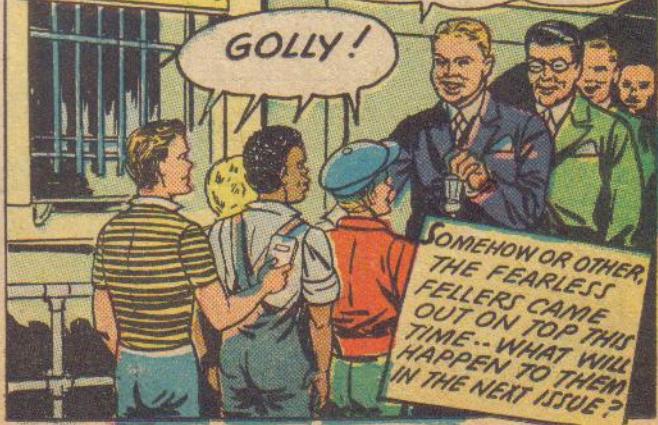
I - I'VE BEEN ROBBED -- CHEATED! IT'S THOSE DARN KIDS! THEY - THEY -- AHH CHOO!



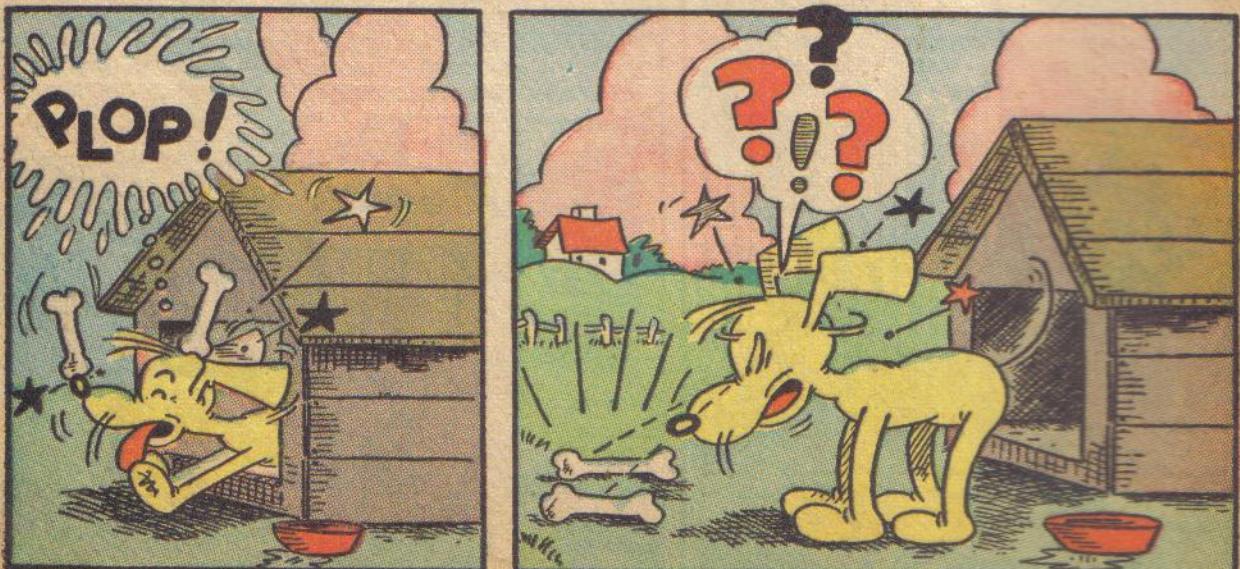
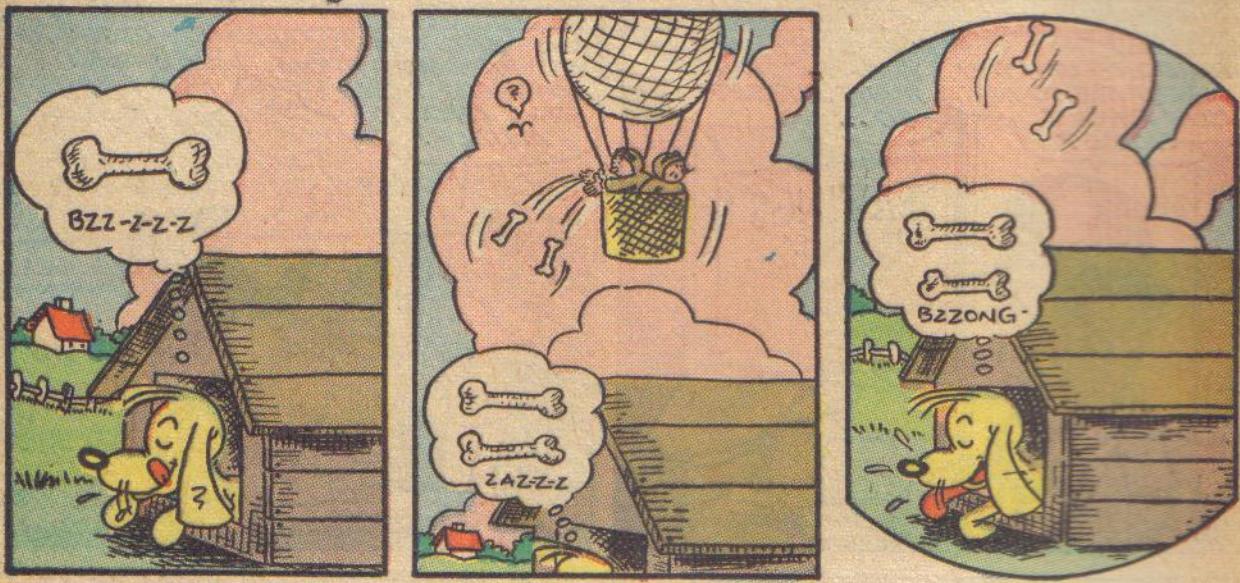
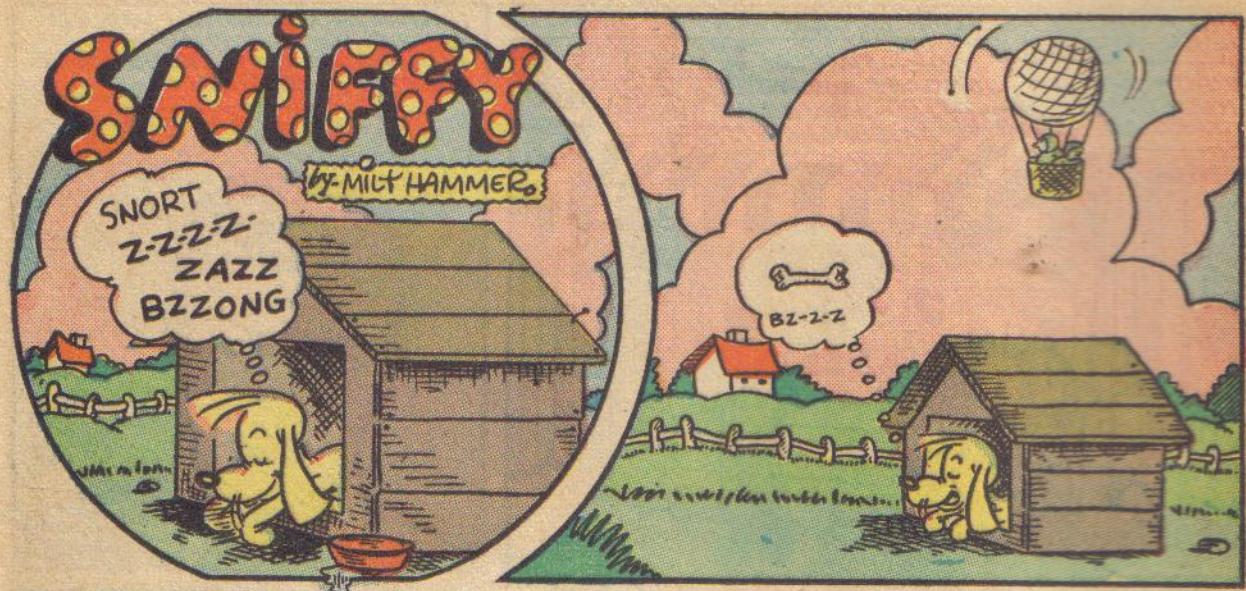
THE BOYS RECEIVE ANOTHER SURPRISE AT THE BANK. OH, YOU'RE THE BOYS WHO CLEANED UP THE RAGWEED! WELL, ON BEHALF OF THE COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF HAY FEVER I WANT TO GIVE YOU THIS BADGE AND A CASH AWARD!

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

GOLLY!



SOMEHOW OR OTHER, THE FEARLESS FELLERS CAME OUT ON TOP THIS TIME -- WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THEM IN THE NEXT ISSUE?





OLD CAP HAWKIN TALES

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN



"JOEY, THE STORY OF LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN - NOW SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA - IS AN UNUSUAL ONE. OF ROYAL BLOOD, IT WAS DECIDED THAT HE WOULD BE A NAVY MAN AND ALL OF HIS LIFE HAS BEEN SPENT IN THE BRITISH NAVY!"



THE ROYAL FAMILY IS LOOKING TO YOU FOR BIG THINGS, MOUNTBATTEN!

I WON'T LET THEM DOWN, SIR!



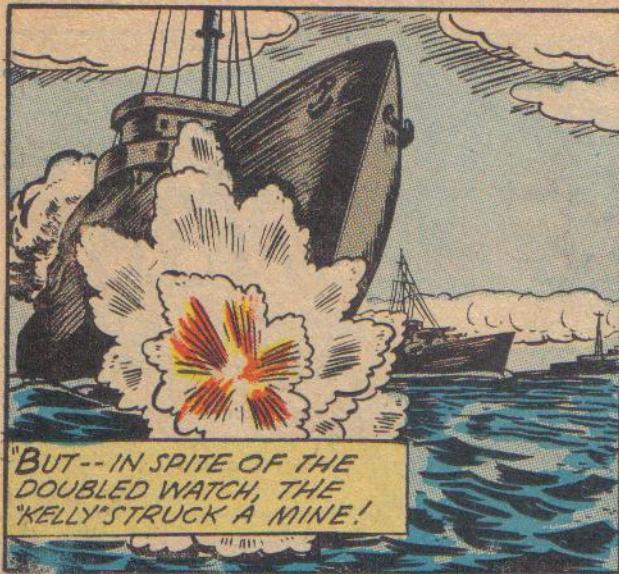
"AT THE AGE OF 13, MOUNTBATTEN OFFICIALLY JOINED THE NAVY AS A CADET!"

"HIS RISE WAS RAPID, AND IN 1939, COMMANDER MOUNTBATTEN WAS ON THE BRIDGE OF H.M.S. 'KELLY', IN CHARGE OF THE 5TH DESTROYER FLOTILLA.

WARN THE MEN TO KEEP A SHARP WATCH -- THESE WATERS ARE MINED!"

I'LL ORDER THE SWEeper CREW ON DOUBLE SHIFT, SIR!





"BUT--IN SPITE OF THE DOUBLED WATCH, THE 'KELLY' STRUCK A MINE!"



THAT ONE TAGGED US--AND BAD, BY THE LIST! GUESS IT'S OVERBOARD FOR US!

NOT IF I KNOW THE SKIPPER!



THERE'S A BAD HOLE IN THE FORWARD PLATES--BELOW WATER LINE, SIR!

ORDER THE SHIP TO TURN BACK TO PORT AND SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE!



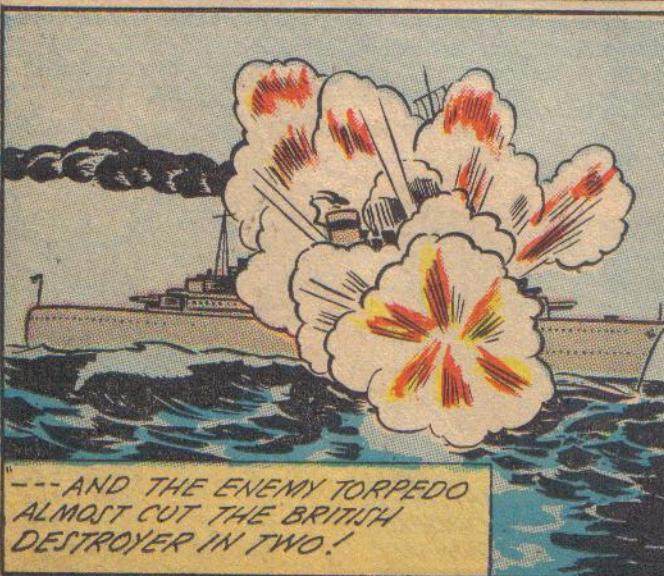
BACK ON THE KELLY! I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED SHE HAD A CHANCE!

SHE'S A FIGHTING SHIP--NO MINE WILL STOP HER!

OR HER SKIPPER!

WITH THE 'KELLY' REPAIRED, MONTBATTEN PUT OUT IN MAY, 1940, TO HUNT SUBS OFF THE NORWEGIAN COAST!

A U-BOAT FOUND THE 'KELLY'---



---AND THE ENEMY TORPEDO ALMOST CUT THE BRITISH DESTROYER IN TWO!



BUT, MONTBATTEN WOULDN'T GIVE UP!

MAN THE PUMPS! TAKE BATTLE STATIONS! WE'RE NOT ABANDONING SHIP!

SHE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE! HER PLATES ARE APT TO GIVE WAY ANY SECOND!

LISTEN--THE SKIPPER SAYS TAKE HER INTO PORT, AND THAT'S WHERE SHE'S GOING!

"NAZI PLANES CAME SNEEZING DOWN FROM THE SKIES TO BOMB THE CRIPPLED SHIP!"

TORPEDO BOAT BEARING DOWN ON PORT BOW!

BRING HER HARD TO PORT--PREPARE FOR BROADSIDE!

"WITH THE AFTER-DECK AWASH, THE LOOKOUT SPOTS MORE BAD NEWS!"

"IN A BRILLIANT STROKE OF SEAMANSHIP, MOUNTBATTEN TURNED THE 'KELLY' BROADSIDE!"

"...USING THE FULL STRENGTH OF HER GUNS ON THE ENEMY TORPEDO BOAT..."

"...THE 'KELLY' SMASHED HER WOULD-BE ATTACKER! ONCE AGAIN, MOUNTBATTEN BROUGHT HIS BATTERED SHIP SUCCESSFULLY INTO HOME PORT!"

MOUNTBATTEN RECEIVED THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER, FOR HIS EXPLOITS AND ACHIEVEMENTS!

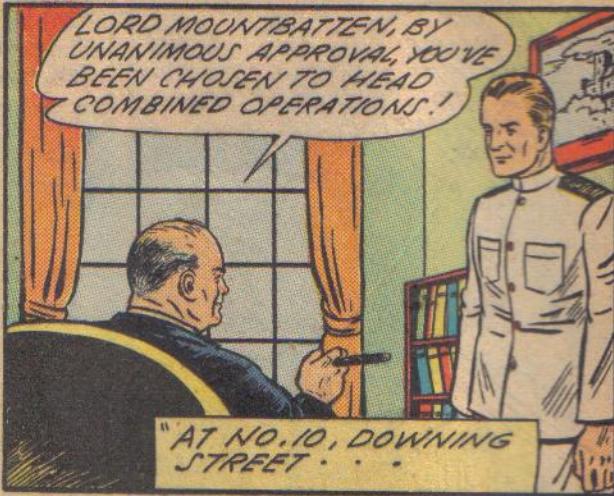
ORDERS FROM
LONDON, GENTLE-
MEN -- I'M TO
REPORT THERE
AT ONCE!

I ONLY HOPE
THERE'LL BE SOME
ACTION FOR US--
SEE WHAT YOU
CAN DO, SIR!



WHILE IN AMERICAN WATERS, IN
COMMAND OF H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS",
MOUNTBATTEN RECEIVED ORDERS
TO REPORT HOME.

LORD MOUNTBATTEN, BY
UNANIMOUS APPROVAL, YOU'VE
BEEN CHOSEN TO HEAD
COMBINED OPERATIONS!



"AT NO. 10, DOWNING
STREET . . .

THANK YOU, SIR -- THIS
IS AN HONOR FOR
WHICH I AM DEEPLY
GRATEFUL! I WILL NOT
FAIL!



"AS VICE-ADMIRAL AND CHIEF OF
COMBINED OPERATIONS, MOUNTBATTEN
LED THE FAMED COMMANDOS IN
NUMEROUS RAIDS ON THE CONTINENT!"

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN
IS NAMED AS SUPREME
ALLIED COMMANDER OF
SOUTHEAST ASIA
FORCES!



"THIS ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE BRITISH
EMBASSY ADDED A CROWNING GLORY
TO ONE OF THE MOST COLORFUL
CAREERS OF THIS WAR!"

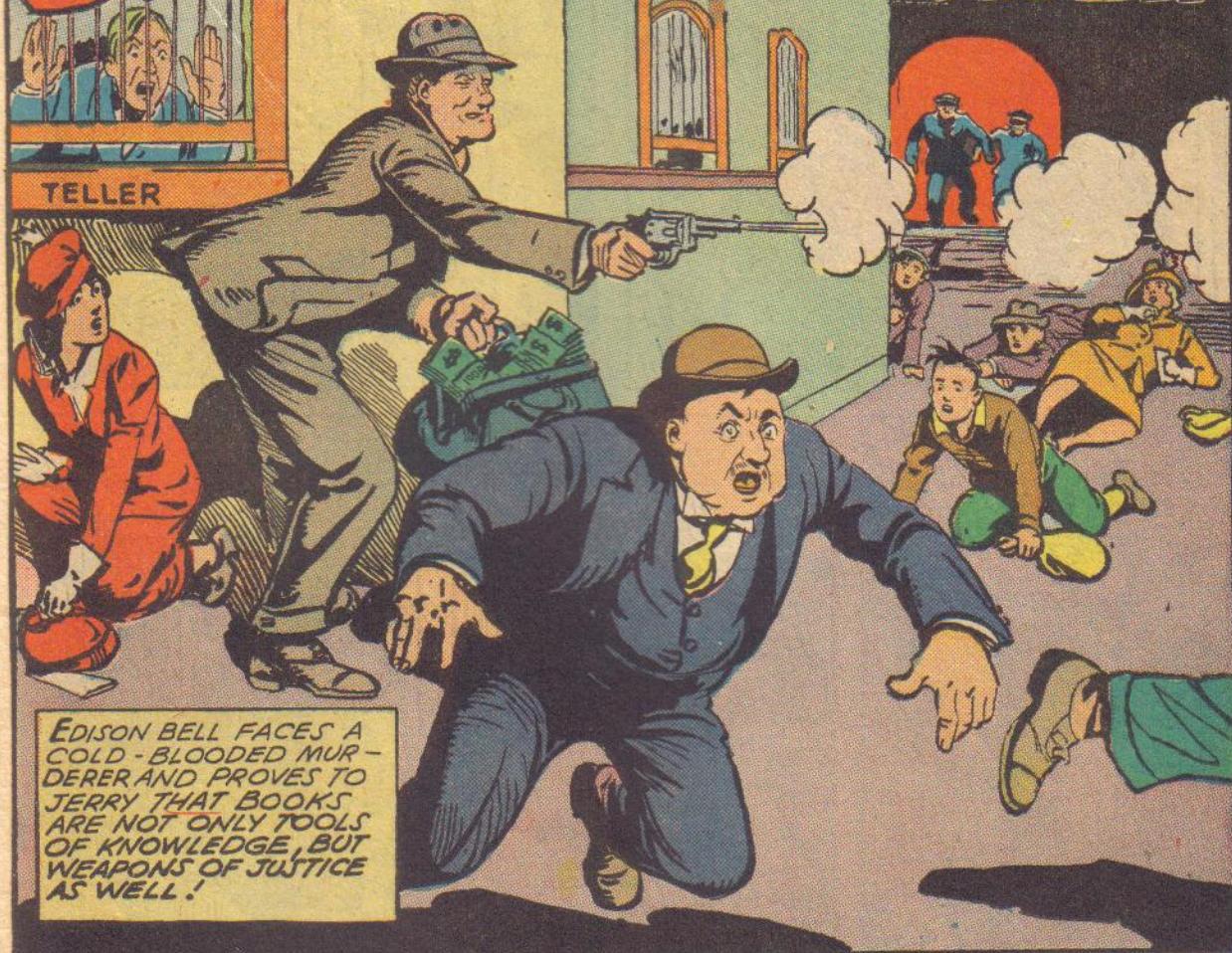
WELCOME TO
NEW DELHI,
LORD
MOUNTBATTEN!

THANK YOU -- WHAT
I WANT TO KNOW
IS, WHICH WAY IS
THE BURMA ROAD?



"THERE IS MUCH MORE OF ADVENTURE
EXCITEMENT, AND HONOR IN STORE
FOR THIS BRILLIANT BRITISH LEADER.
JOEY, BUT TIME STILL CONCEALS THAT PART OF THE STORY!"

Edison BELL



EDISON BELL FACES A COLD-BLOODED MURDERER AND PROVES TO JERRY THAT BOOKS ARE NOT ONLY TOOLS OF KNOWLEDGE, BUT WEAPONS OF JUSTICE AS WELL!

ONE SATURDAY MORNING --

HEY, JERRY -- LET'S DO PART-TIME WORK! BESIDES, MR. ATKINS IS A FINE PERSON!

BOYS WANTED FOR PART-TIME WORK

BOOK

I THINK YOU TWO WOULD DO VERY WELL FOR THE JOB! I'LL GIVE YOU \$3.00 A WEEK!

THAT'S SWELL -- WHAT DO WE DO?

WE CAN START RIGHT AWAY, MR. ATKINS!



I'M AFRAID YOUR FIRST TASK IS
DUSTING ALL OF THESE BOOKS!
EDDIE, YOU CAN DO THAT--FAMILIARIZE
YOURSELF WITH THE STOCK! MEANWHILE,
I'LL START JERRY ON
SOMETHING
ELSE!

OKAY!



I HAVE THIS WEEK'S RECEIPTS ALL
READY TO GO TO THE BANK--
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO
MAKE A DEPOSIT,
JERRY?

SURE--

GOSH,

I'D RATHER
RUN ERRANDS
THAN DUST!



THERE'S QUITE A GOOD
DEAL OF MONEY IN
THAT BAG, JERRY, SO
BE CAREFUL!

YOU
BET I WILL!
SO LONG,
EDDIE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER
JERRY ENTERS THE BANK...

GOSH, MAYBE EDDIE DID
GET THE BEST JOB! I
FEEL NERVOUS WITH
ALL OF THIS
MONEY IN MY
HANDS!



BUT, AS JERRY APPROACHES
THE TELLER'S WINDOW...

OUT OF THE WAY, KID, OR
YOU'LL GET HURT!
OKAY, BUD--
STICK 'EM
UP!



CASEY, GET THAT
GUY! HE --
UGH!

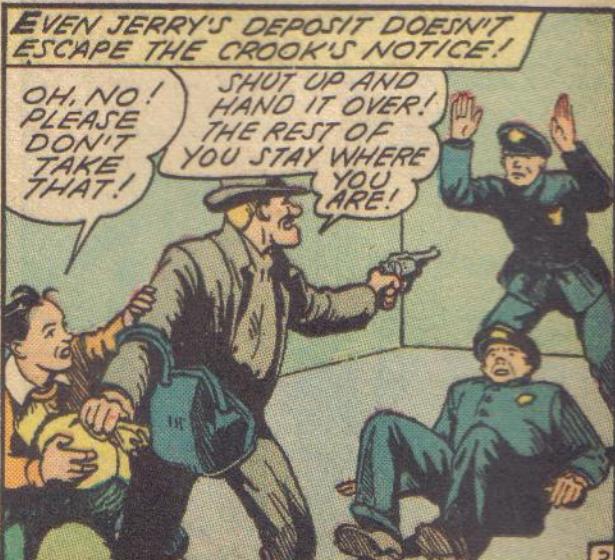
NO, YOU DON'T,
COPPER! AND'
ANYBODY ELSE
WHO MOVES WILL
GET THE SAME
DOSE!



EVEN JERRY'S DEPOSIT DOESN'T
ESCAPE THE CROOK'S NOTICE!

OH, NO!
PLEASE
DON'T
TAKE
THAT!

SHUT UP AND
HAND IT OVER!
THE REST OF
YOU STAY WHERE
YOU ARE!



THE CROOK LEAVES AND THE COP IMMEDIATELY GOES INTO ACTION-- MINUTES LATER...

FRANK, COVER THAT END OF TOWN! TAKE TWO MEN! VINNIE, YOU AND JACK COME WITH ME! THAT THIEVIN' MURDERER WON'T GET AWAY-- WE'VE GOT THIS WHOLE SECTION BLOCKED OFF!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BANK ...

OH, HE WAS HORRIBLE, JUST A MINUTE--ONE AT A TIME! JUST ANSWER MY QUESTIONS, PLEASE!



IF WE CAN GET A GOOD IDEA OF WHAT THIS FELLOW LOOKED LIKE, WE'LL CATCH HIM SOONER! NOW, WHAT COLOR SUIT WAS HE WEARING?

UH--BROWN! DARK GREY! I REMEMBER!



I CAN TELL YOU-- I NOTICED PARTICULARLY WHEN I REALIZED HE WAS A THIEF! HE HAD ON A LIGHT GRAY FEDORA, A GREENISH SUIT WITH A GREY STRIPE, BROWN TIE, BROWN SHOES, AND WHITE SHIRT!

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!



WHEN HE TOLD THE CASHIER TO PUT UP HIS HANDS, I NOTICED THAT THE TOP OF HIS HAT CAME RIGHT EXACTLY TO THE BOTTOM OF THAT POSTER!

ABOUT MY HEIGHT, EH?



UH--HE TOOK A BAG CONTAINING SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS FROM ME! I WAS GOING TO DEPOSIT IT FOR MR. CASEY, GO ALONG WITH THIS LAD AND EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED!

DON'T WORRY, SONNY-- WE'LL GET THE MONEY BACK FOR YOU!

I KNOW--BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D EVER DEPOSITED IT-- AND MR. ATKINS PROBABLY NEEDS IT, TOO!



MEANTIME, THE ROBBER FINDS THAT THE POLICE CORDON IS TOO TIGHT FOR HIM AND...

COPS EVERYWHERE! I'D BETTER SLIDE INTO ONE OF THESE STORES AND LIE LOW!

THAT'S ONE OF MY FAVORITE BOOKS, EDDIE-- WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT HOME WITH YOU AND --

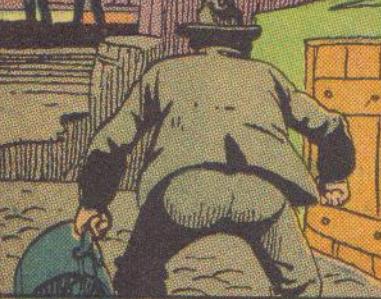
OKAY-- GET YOUR HANDS UP, YOU TWO! DON'T MAKE NO NOISE!

WHAA???

HOWEVER, JERRY AND THE COP CAN BE SEEN APPROACHING THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW SO --

COME WITH ME, GRANDPA! YOU, KID, GO ON AS IF NOTHIN' WAS WRONG OR I'LL PLUG THE OLD GUY!

Y- YES!



OH, GOSH-- WISH I KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT MENTAL TELEPATHY!

EDDIE -- WHERE'S MR. ATKINS? SOMETHING AWFUL HAS HAPPENED!



THE BANK WAS ROBBED-- THE THIEF STOLE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS, AND THE CROOK TOOK MR. ATKINS' MONEY TOO!

WHERE'S YOUR BOSS, SON-- I'VE GOT TO EXPLAIN FOR THIS BOY!!

HE-UH, HE WENT OUT!



I DON'T KNOW WHEN HE'LL BE BACK -- HE DIDN'T SAY! IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT THAT MONEY, JERRY!

GOSH-- YOU DON'T LOOK SORRY!

DON'T WORRY-- I'LL WAIT FOR A FEW MINUTES!



WELL, I HAVE TO GET THESE BOOKS-- UGH! HEY, GRAB THEM!

LOOK OUT-- THEY'RE FALLING!



OFFICER, WOULD YOU PLEASE
GIVE ME THAT BIG BOOK
IN FRONT OF
YOU?

SURE, BUT
WHERE'LL YOU
PUT IT? YOU'VE
GOT YOUR ARMS...

...HUH? SAY! WHAT KIND
OF A--BOOK IS THIS?
OH, BETTER LET ME
PUT THIS IN PLACE!

THAT WOULD HELP--IT
GOES RIGHT HERE!
THANKS!

WELL, I'LL BE
RUNNING ALONG--
I'LL COME BACK
LATER TO
SEE
MR.
ATKINS!



OFFICER CASEY IS ON THE ALERT AND
AS HE STROLLS CASUALLY PAST THE
CURTAINED DOORWAY -- /

YOU WON'T
FORGET TO
COME BA...
HEY, WHAT
ARE --

SSH!

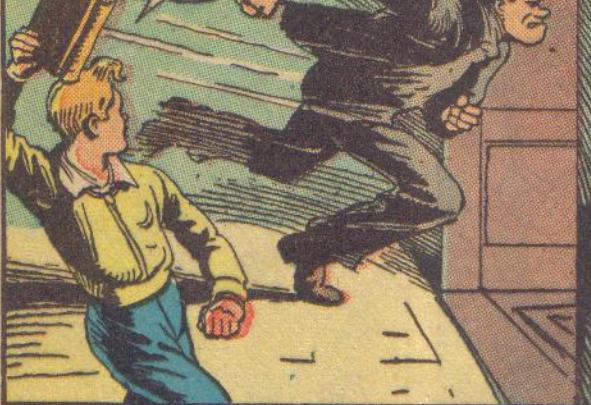
NO FUNNY
MOVES, BUDDY--
THE GAME'S
OVER!

WHAT?!
HOW...GET
OUT OF MY
WAY--I'M
GETTING OUT
OF HERE!



BUT, EDDIE IS PREPARED FOR A FIGHT AND --

THIS IS THE HEAVIEST ONE I COULD FIND -- HOPE IT LANDS!



HIS AIM IS PERFECT!



NICE PITCH, KID -- HE'S OUT COLD!



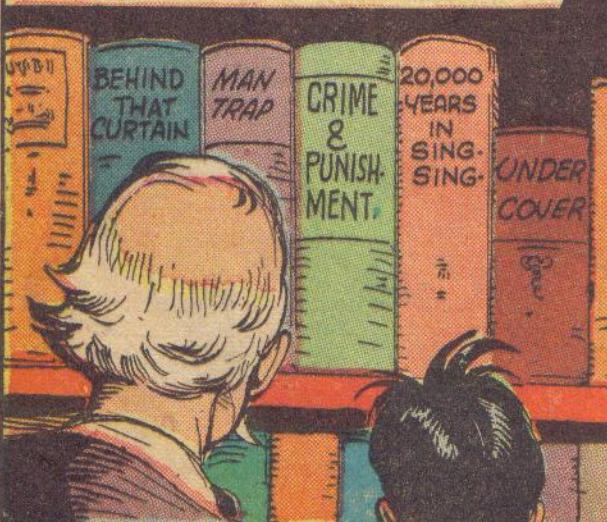
EDDIE, THAT WAS ABOUT THE SLICKEST TIP-OFF I'VE EVER SEEN -- YOU CERTAINLY USED YOUR HEAD!



GET WHAT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND! DO YOU MEAN EDDIE TOLD YOU THE THIEF WAS IN BACK? BUT, WE HEARD EVERYTHING ...



JERRY AND MR. ATKINS SEE --



MY GOODNESS -- I CERTAINLY WAS LUCKY TO HIRE YOU TWO BOYS TODAY! THE BANK'LL BE GLAD, TOO!



SPEAKING OF BOOKS -- HOW ABOUT A BOOK OF WAR STAMPS? HAVE YOU GOT ENOUGH YET TO TRADE THEM IN FOR A BOND?

EDISON BELL'S BOOK of SECRETS

1 HERE'S HOW TO MAKE A SECRET HIDING PLACE FOR YOUR CLUB'S PRIVATE PAPERS AND OTHER VALUABLES, SUCH AS RARE COINS, ETC. (FIRST, MAKE SURE NOBODY IN THE FAMILY WANTS THE BOOK ANY MORE AND THAT IT WON'T BE OF INTEREST TO MEMBERS OF OUR ARMED FORCES). THEN ...



2 ... TURN TO THE BACK OF THE BOOK AND GLUE THE LAST FEW PAGES TO THE BACK COVER. NOW, STARTING AT THE FRONT, USE A RAZOR BLADE TO CUT THE PRINTED MATTER FROM EACH PAGE. WHEN THIS IS DONE, YOUR BOOK WILL BE "HOLLOW"! (IF DOUBLE-EDGED BLADE, USE ONLY IN A BLADE HOLDER.)



3

... ONE BY ONE, GLUE EACH CUT-OUT PAGE TO THE FOLLOWING PAGE, BEING SURE TO SMOOTH EACH ONE FLAT! WHEN IT IS FINISHED, YOU WILL HAVE A "BOX" AND THE COVER OF THE BOOK WILL BE THE "LID". PLACE YOUR VALUABLES INSIDE AND KEEP IT ON YOUR BOOKSHELF WHERE IT WILL NOT BE NOTICED.

4

FINISHED BOOK LOOKS LIKE THIS
RUBBER CEMENT (OR THE NEW SYNTHETIC CEMENT) IS BEST FOR THE GLUE JOB.



KRISKO and JASPER

•SYNOPSIS•

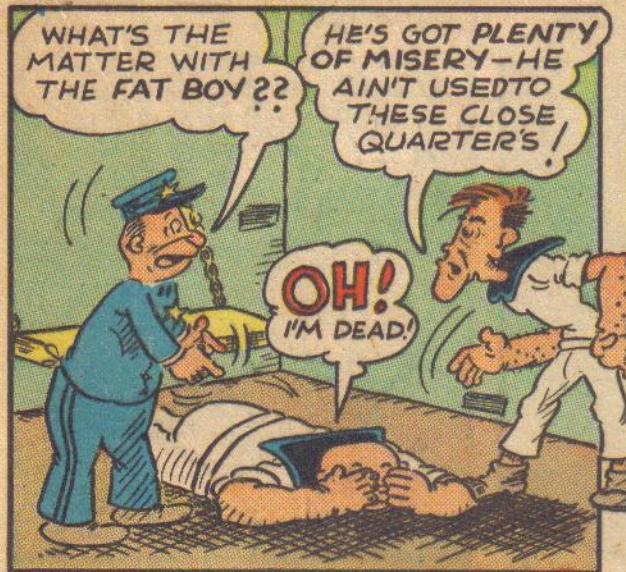
OUR TWO HEROES ARE NOW IN NEW YORK-- YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT LAST MONTH THEY WERE PUT IN JAIL WHEN THEY CRASHED INTO A POLICE CAR WITH THE BLUEBOLT WHILE DRIVING ON A ONE WAY STREET... NOW LET'S GET ON WITH TODAY'S STORY!!!

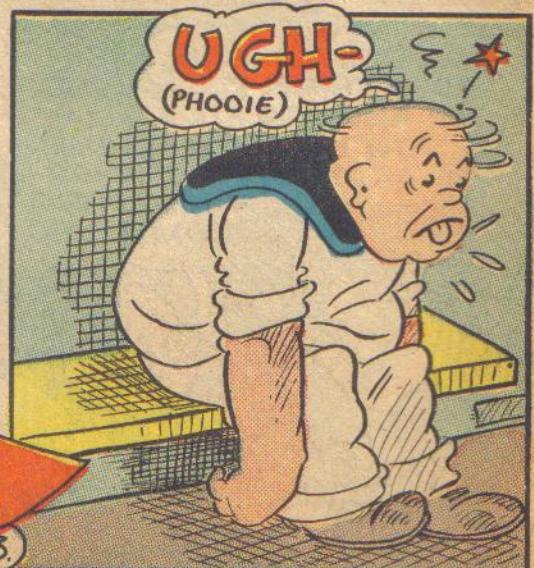
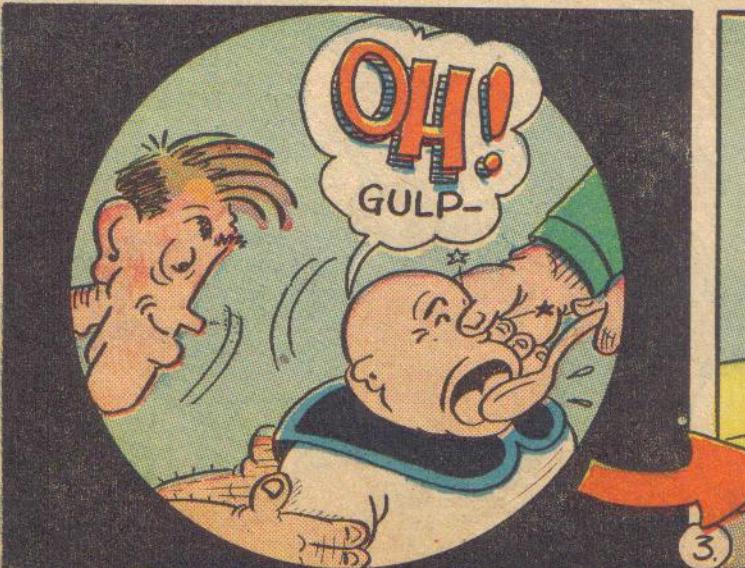
BY - MCT HAMMER

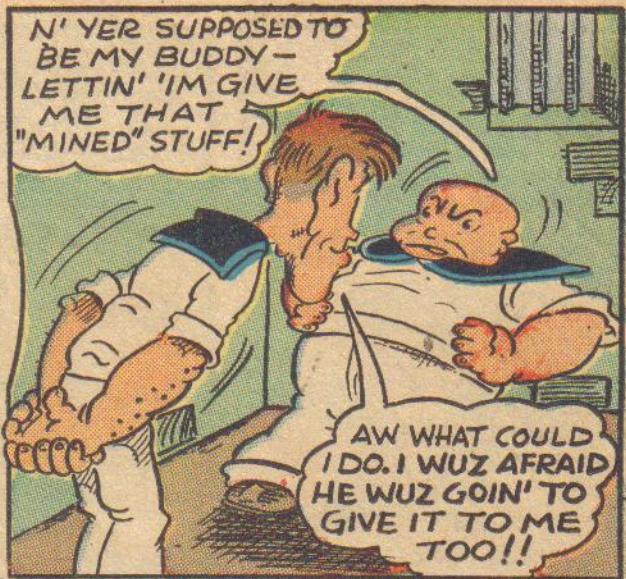
YUH KNOW, KRISKO, THIS AIN'T BAD- GIVES ME TIME TO THINK TH' SITCH-UATION OVER !!

WAL, I DON'T LIKE IT - I NEED PLENTY OF FRESH AIR FER MY THINKIN'!

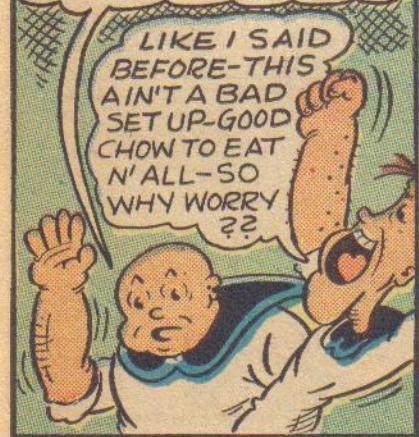








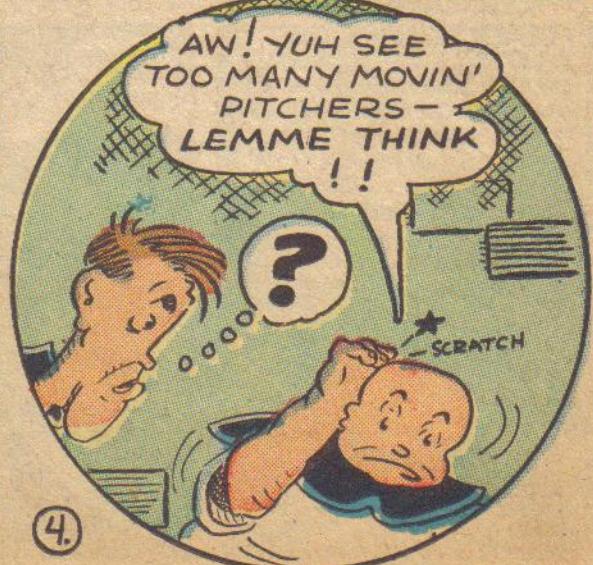
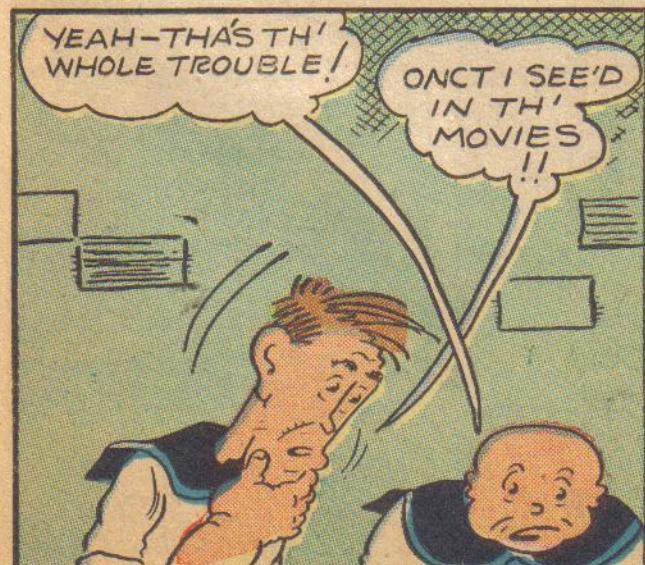
SO HELP ME—I PROMISE NEVER TO LIE AGAIN ABOUT MY HEALTH—ONLY LITTLE WHITE ONES!

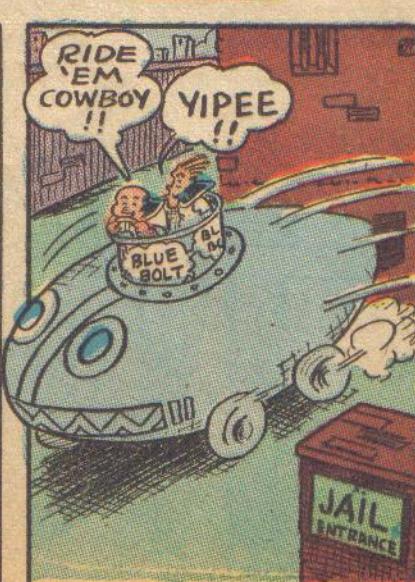
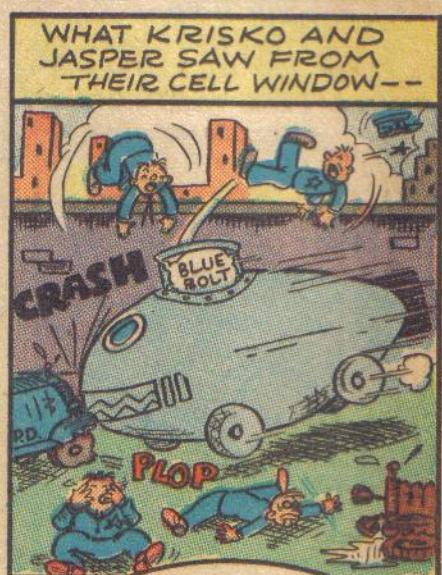
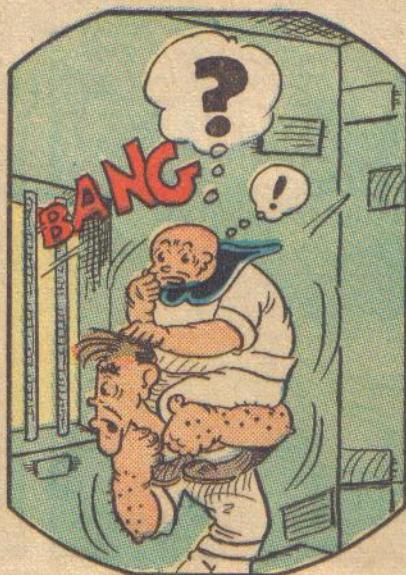
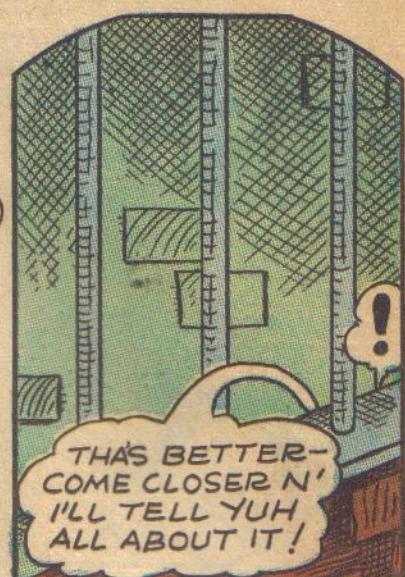


BUT I DON'T LIKE IT HERE—I NEED FRESH AIR—I NEED PLENTY OF ROOM TO MOVE IN!



OH NO YUH DON'T. I'LL DO TH' THINKIN' FROM NOW ON—SAY, WE COULD DIG OUR WAY OUT LIKE WE DID IN THAT JAP CAMP!





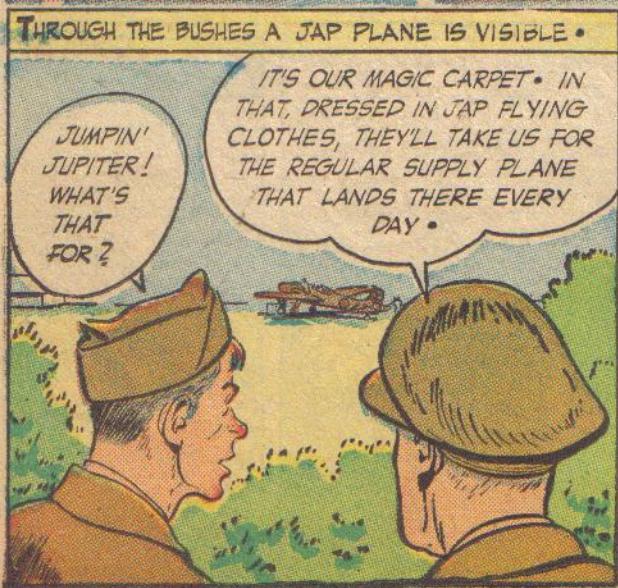
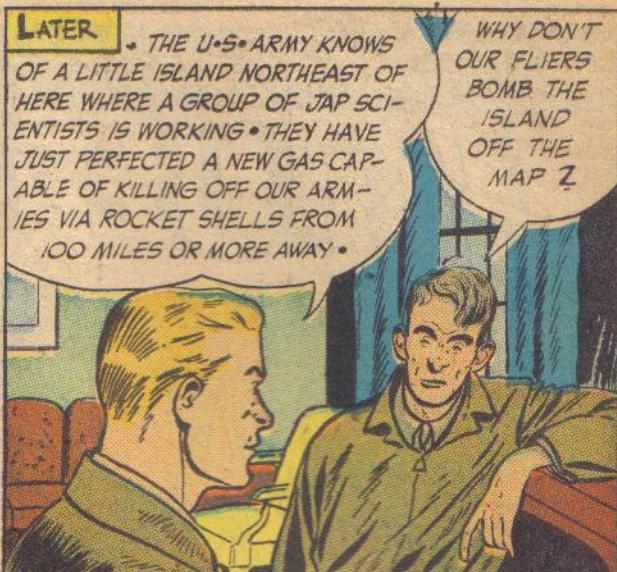
BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



CHARLEY,
BLUE BOLT'S
MECHANIC
AND
FRIEND,
WAITS
FOR
HIM -
TO
RETURN
FROM
HEAD-
QUARTERS,
SOON
AFTER
REACHING
AUSTRALIA.





OUR ORDERS ARE TO-
SURPRISE THE SCIEN-
TISTS, FIND THE
FORMULA AND
BLOW UP THE
ISLAND.

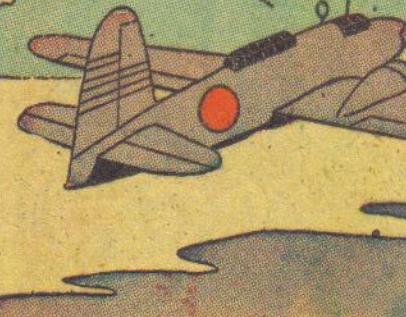
HOLY
CATS!
WITH US
STILL
ON IT?

WE HOPE NOT.
BUT OUR FIRST JOB
IS TO FIND THE FOR-
MULA AND DESTROY
THE GAS, THEN TO
MAKE A SAFE
GETAWAY.

I WAS
WORRIED.
I THOUGHT
I LOST MY
LUCKY RAB-
BIT'S FOOT.

WE'RE
OVER THE
ISLAND
NOW,
BLUE
BOLT.

O.K.,
CHARLEY,
HERE
WE
GO.



I HOPE THESE GUARDS
REALLY THINK WE'RE THE
REGULAR SUPPLY
PLANE THAT'S DUE
NOW. KEEP YOUR
COLLAR UP
HIGH.

THEY DON'T KNOW
OUR SPIES CAP-
TURED THEIR PLANE
AND CREW AND THAT
WE TOOK OVER
FROM THERE.

THERE'S OUR BUILDING.
SHOW THOSE BIG TEETH OF
YOURS, CHARLEY, SO
THEY'LL TAKE YOU
FOR A JAP.

!



GOOD
EVENING,
GENTLEMEN.
KINDLY
REMAIN
SEATED.

TOO BAD THEY DON'T UN-
DERSTAND ENGLISH. WE COULD
USE SOME OF OUR FANCY
WORDS ON THEM.

THE SURPRISE IS FOR YOU.
NOT ONLY DO WE SPEAK ENG-
LISH, BUT I JUST PRESSED
THIS BUTTON-- OUR GUARDS
WILL COME IN A MINUTE--
YOU ARE TRAPPED.

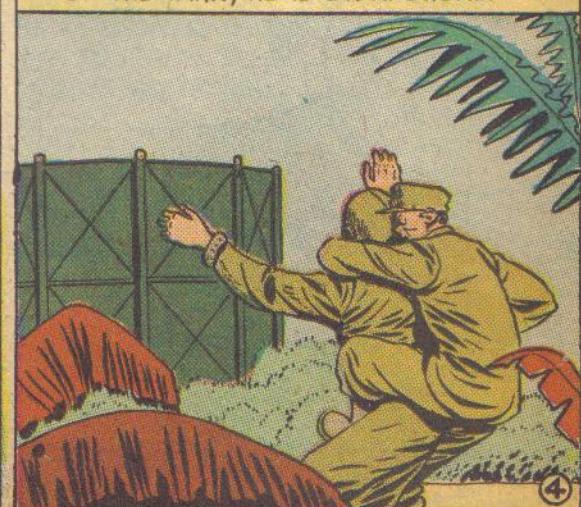




WITH THE ODDS GREATLY AGAINST HIM, BLUE BOLT FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR.



BUT JUST AS HE IS WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE TANK, HE IS OVERPOWERED.



YANKEE MAKE
ONE MISTAKE.
HE THINK HE
SMARTER THAN
JAP.

HIM DEAD
FOR SURE.
NOW I GO
FIND OTHER
ONE.

OH YEAH!
THIS YANKEE
ISN'T HALF AS
DEAD AS YOU'RE
GOING TO BE
IN A MINUTE MY
FINE JAP FRIEND.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE LABORATORY,
CHARLEY FIGHTS IT OUT.

AND FINALLY BLUE BOLT REACHES THE
GAS STORAGE TANK.

AFTER CONTACT WITH THE AIR,
THE GAS DOESN'T TAKE EFFECT
FOR 10 MINUTES. SO SINCE OUR
MASKS CAN'T COMBAT THAT TYPE
WE'LL HAVE TO DASH FOR THE
PLANE AND GET HIGH ENOUGH
TO ESCAPE THE FUMES.

CLEAR AND PIERCING THROUGH
THE NIGHT, COMES BLUE BOLT'S
WHISTLE. TIME IS UP!

THAT'S
BLUE BOLT'S
SIGNAL. HE
WILL KEEP ME
COVERED--
I HOPE.

O-K, NIPS.
THANKS FOR
THE FORMULA.
BYE BYE.

SURE!
COME ON,
LET'S
GIT!

WHERE'S
THE
FORMULA?

INSIDE
MY SHIRT,
SNUG AS A
BUG IN A
RUG.



Sergeant Spook



IMPRESSED WITH THE URGENT NEED TO COLLECT WASTE PAPER FOR THE WAR EFFORT, JERRY SETS OUT TO DO HIS BIT --- SERGEANT SPOOK AND HIS PATRIOTIC FRIENDS PITCH IN AND HELP! THEY ALL COLLECT SO MUCH THAT JERRY WINS A PRIZE AND ---

GOSH -- I DIDN'T COLLECT PAPER 'CAUSE THERE WAS A PRIZE -- I JUST DID IT FOR THE SOLDIERS! I KNOW HOW IMPORTANT IT IS FOR MAKING FOOD PACKAGES, SHELL CARTONS, MAPS -- AND, GOSH - LOTS OF OTHER THINGS!!

JERRY, THE COUNTRY-WIDE TOUR YOU HAVE WON FOR YOUR WORK, IS JUST AS IMPORTANT! WE WANT YOU TO TELL BOYS, GIRLS, AND GROWNUPS IN EVERY CITY, YOU STOP AT HOW NECESSARY IT IS. TO COLLECT WASTE PAPER!

G-GEE, SIR, YOU BET I'LL DO MY BEST!



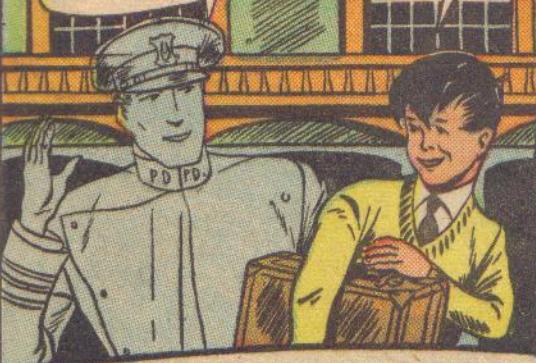
AND JERRY BEGINS HIS TRIP FROM PENNSYLVANIA STATION ...

HI, JERRY -- WE'VE DECIDED TO GO ALONG WITH YOU! DO YOU MIND?

SPOOK! GOSH -- I'LL BE GLAD! WHO ALL IS COMING?

A FEW OLD FRIENDS WHO WANT TO REVISIT SOME OF THEIR OWN HAUNTS! YOU REMEMBER PONCE DE LEON -- AN OLD FLORIDA MAN!

SURE -- AND BALBOA! GOSH, SIR, YOU DIS-COVERED THE PACIFIC WHEN IT WAS REALLY "PACIFIC", DIDN'T YOU?



AND THIS IS CORTEZ, JERRY -- HE WAS LOOKING FOR GOLD... HEY, PETE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

SPOOK, WHO'S THAT? HE LOOKS SORT OF FAMILIAR!

WHY, THAT'S PETER STUYVESANT, JERRY... HE WAS THE FIRST MAYOR OF NEW YORK!



THEY'RE OPENING THE GATES -- BETTER HURRY, JERRY, IF YOU WANT TO GET ON!

MEANWHILE ...

SPOOK -- WHERE'S PETER STUYVESANT?

GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO

JUST LOOK AT THE CROWDS! HOPE THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US!

FLORIDA SPECIAL
OH, WE WON'T GET IN THE WAY, JERRY!

WONDER HOW I GET OUT OF THIS PLACE? I'D LIKE TO GET DOWN TO BOWLING GREEN FOR A GAME ABOARD!

ALL

LEAVE HIM JERRY -- BUT I DON'T THINK HE'LL MIND!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE TOURISTS ARRIVE IN MIAMI--

GOSH - IT'S REAL SUMMER DOWN HERE, ALL RIGHT! SURE IS -- FIRST, WE'D BETTER FIND THAT HIGH SCHOOL YOU'RE TO SPEAK AT!

YOU KNOW, MY BOY, I CAME HERE TO LOOK FOR THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH!

SAY, PONCE, LOOK! THEY'VE NAMED THIS STORE AFTER YOU!

BEAUTY SALON -- WHAT IS THAT?

I WOULD LIKE TO GO IN AND LOOK AROUND!

GOSH -- THAT PLACE IS JUST FOR LADIES! SEE -- ONE'S GOING IN NOW!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE SHOP --

HMPHH - THAT GIRL IS WEARING EXACTLY THE SAME DRESS I AM!

WELL OF ALL THINGS! THE SALES girl TOLD ME THIS WAS AN EXCLUSIVE MODEL! I'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THAT STORE!



AND A FEW SECONDS LATER --

L-L-LOOK! THAT WOMAN WENT IN A MINUTE AGO AND SHE WAS BIG AND FAT! NOW --



HA! HA! YOU SEE -- I KNEW THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH WAS IN FLORIDA! IF ONLY I COULD HAVE FOUND IT -- AH, WELL -- IT IS KIND OF THEM TO NAME IT AFTER ME!

I'LL MEET YOU RIGHT HERE AFTER MY SPEECH! THESE BOYS AND GIRLS SEEM TO KNOW ALREADY HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO COLLECT WASTE PAPER!



... SAY -- WHEN THEY GO INTO THE AUDITORIUM, WE CAN TIE THOSE BUNDLES FOR THEM!

JERRY'S PURPOSE ACCOMPLISHED
IN FLORIDA; THE LITTLE
GROUP GOES ON TO TEXAS

CORTEZ IS PARTICULARLY
INTERESTED IN THE LONE
STAR STATE --

WHAT -- THESE
STICKS OF WOOD!?
YOU JOKE!

WELL, JERRY, ARE YOU
ENJOYING YOUR TRIP?

YOU BET -- AND
THE BEST PART IS,
I'M DOING SOME
GOOD, TOO!

THIS IS THE COUNTRY
WHERE WE SPANIARDS
CAME TO SEEK
WEALTH!

YOU'RE
LOOKING
AT A LOT
OF IT
RIGHT
NOW, CORTEZ!

NO -- THESE ARE
OIL WELLS! WE
CALL IT BLACK
GOLD! WHY, THAT
STUFF RUNS OUR
SHIPS, PLANES
AND TANKS!



YOU MEAN, THAT GOOEY
BLACK STUFF IS WORTH
AS MUCH AS GOLD?

YOU BET --
WHY, IF WE
DIDN'T HAVE OIL,
WE WOULDN'T HAVE
LOTS OF THINGS
LIKE CARS!

KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS
CONTRAPTION, JERRY?



HMM -- WELL, WE WOULDN'T
HAVE HAD ANY USE FOR IT
IN MY DAY, JERRY -- WE
DIDN'T USE ANY MOTORS,

GUESS
THAT'S
RIGHT,

MR. CORTEZ...

HEY, DAVY

CROCKETT AND SAM HOUSTON
ARE GOING OFF
SOMEPLACE --



I'D KIND OF LIKE TO
LOOK AROUND -- IT'S
BEEN A LONG TIME
SINCE WE FOUGHT
THE BATTLE OF THE
ALAMO HERE!

AND I WANT
TO MEET UP
WITH A COUPLE
MORE O' THEM
INJUN VARMINTS!

TELL THEM TO
BE CAREFUL,
SPOOK -- LOTS OF
THINGS HAVE
CHANGED
SINCE THEIR
TIME!



DAVY AND SAM GO SIGHT-SEEING ALONE!

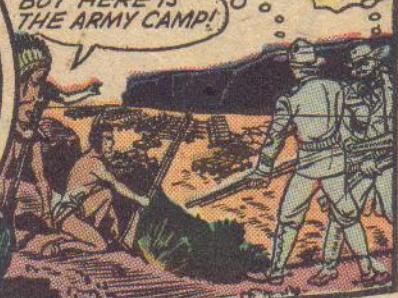
-DAVY--AIN'T THAT A
COUPLE O' REDSKINS?

YUP--UP TO MISCHIEF,
TOO! LOOK AT THEM!
PROBABLY PLOTTIN' TO
HOLD UP A
STAGECOACH!

RECKON IT'S A GOOD
THING WE HAPPENED
ALONG! COME ON!

DAVY--LOOK!
THEY'RE SPYIN'
ON UNCLE
RECKON
SAM'S SOLDIERS
THEY'RE
--- THAT'S AN PLANNIN'
ARMY CAMP
TO
DOWN THERE! AMBUSH
THE
CAMP!

WE HAVE COME
FAR, MY SON,
BUT HERE IS
THE ARMY CAMP!



WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE--
LET'S GET DOWN THAR
AND SEE WHAT WE
CAN FIND OUT!

IF WE CAN'T
WARN 'EM
OURSELVES,
MEBBE WE
CAN GET JERRY
TO DO IT!

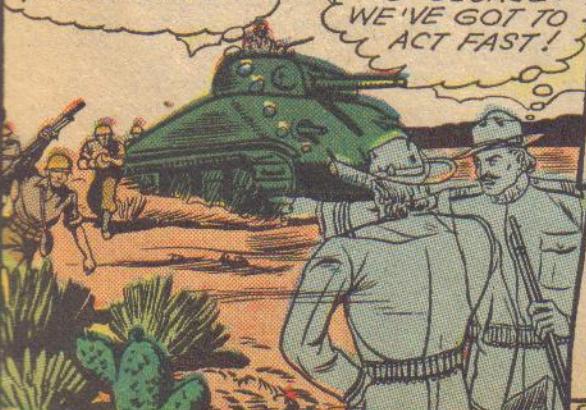
SAM HOUSTON--
DO YOU SEE
WHAT I DO?

BY ALL THAT'S
HOLY--I DON'T
BELIEVE MY
EYES! THOSE
FELLERS ARE
INJUNS!!



LOOK AT ALL THE
UNITED STATES ARMY
EQUIPMENT THEY'VE
CAPTURED! WHUT
D'YA SUPPOSE
THIS MEANS?

WHY THEY'RE
PLANNING AN
UPRISING
AGAINST THE
GOVERNMENT,
O'COURSE!
WE'VE GOT TO
ACT FAST!



AND, AT THAT MOMENT, THE TWO
VISITORS FROM GHOST TOWN HEAR...

ZERO HOUR! START THE
ATTACK! THIS IS OUR
LAST REHEARSAL SO
MAKE IT GOOD!

HEAR THAT!?
WE'VE GOT
TO GET JERRY
AND TELL HIM
TO WARN THE
ARMY! HURRY!





LATER --

COME ON, FELLOWS,
WE'VE GOT TO
GET TO THE TRAIN
--OUR TRIPS
ALMOST
OVER!

IT HAS BEEN
AMAZING, SPOOK--
AMAZING!
JUST THINK,
THEY'VE FOUND
THE FOUNTAIN
OF YOUTH!

I STILL DON'T BELIEVE
THEY'VE TAMED THOSE
REDSKINS!

THINGS HAVE CHANGED
A LOT SINCE YOUR DAYS,
EH, BALBOA?

BEYOND RECOGNITION,
SPOOK--IT'S A WONDER-
FUL COUNTRY NOW, TOO--
BUT, I'D RATHER RE--
MEMBER IT IN THE
GOOD OLD DAYS!



SO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE
TRIP ENDS BACK AT THE
PENNSYLVANIA STATION!

WHEE--
HOME!
GUESS MY
FRIENDS WILL
BE GLAD TO GET
BACK TO GHOST-
TOWN, TOO! THEY'RE
ALL FLABBERGASTED
AT THE CHANGES
IN OUR COUNTRY!

SAY, I ALMOST
FORGOT PETER
STUYVESANT --
WE'LL HAVE TO
FIND HIM!

NO, I THINK HE'S
LOOKING AROUND AT
SOME OF THE ... HEH
JERRY! LOOK!



PETER-- HERE WE ARE!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU?

WELL,
IT'S ABOUT
TIME! DO YOU
REALIZE I'VE
BEEN WAITING
A WHOLE WEEK
FOR YOU?

WELL, DID YOU SEE
ALL YOU WANTED TO
OF MANHATTAN,
PETE?

YEAH-- DID YOU SEE THE
STATUE OF LIBERTY? OR THE
AQUARIUM? OR GRANT'S
TOMB?



THE END.

STRICTLY BUSINESS

THE villa stood high on the side of the hill, and looking down through interlaced branches of the trees, Bill could see the lights of the harbor and of the town, sprinkled against the night. Uneasily he turned to Karl.

"What makes you think I'm out of luck?" Bill asked.

Karl shrugged slim shoulders. "To begin with, Manuel is afraid of me. If for no other reason, he'll sell all the rubber his trees produced this season to my company. You may as well go back to the States."

Bill walked to a deep easy chair, sat down. "I only just arrived two days ago," he reminded his companion. "I'm not going back on your say so. Manuel's a smart egg. Most of these South American business men are. I doubt very much that he's been scared of you."

"I haven't tried to frighten him," Karl answered. "Nothing so incriminating as that, my friend. I am not foolish. But Manuel knows . . . what might happen if he refused to sell to me."

"How about transportation?"

Karl shrugged. "That happens to be my business."

"And the dough?"

"More of my business," Karl answered. He walked to the wide window, slim body swaying lithely, shoulders thrown back. Bill knew Karl was dangerous in many ways, the type who would go to almost any extent to achieve his goal. Karl warned, "If I don't obtain the rubber, my friend, no one else will. That is something Manuel knows."

"Sounds threatening—"

Karl turned dark blue eyes upon his caller. "Name it what you wish," he said. "I have the jump on you. In my country we do not waste time. I came to a perfect understanding with Manuel long before you arrived. Had I known of your plans, I might have saved you the time and expense of coming."

"I wouldn't have taken your advice." Bill

stood up to go. "I'm not taking it now. I'm not so sure you've got this deal in the bag. I'll be seeing you."

THE cobble-stone lane led down hill, up again. The lights of the town showed below like canary diamonds against black velvet. The air was warm, moist, heavy with the scent of trees and flower gardens on the hillside.

Bill knew he must be careful. Karl was dangerous. This wasn't a run-of-the-day business deal. After Bill had talked to Manuel, he had realized that the little man was holding back. Bill had known he was up against unusual odds. A lot depended upon the success of this trip and Bill didn't want to go back empty handed.

The lane climbed higher. Somewhere a guitar sounded faintly, sweetly. Bill turned a corner, saw his own quarters ahead, secluded, dark—

The sound of the shot came a split second after the impact of the bullet through the fleshy part of Bill's shoulder drove him over into the bushes. He mastered his first second of pain and crawled away through the bushes, came to a narrow path and groped to his feet. He stood there staring back, gritting his teeth.

Someone had deliberately tried to kill him. Who could it have been? Karl or friends of his? Was he here alone?

The first shock was gone and Bill continued on up hill to his quarters. He managed to find what he needed in the line of bandage and iodine. He dressed the wound under his shoulder as best he could, changed clothes and started out again. Evidently Karl, if he were responsible for this, was losing no time. It seemed also to indicate that he wasn't quite so sure of himself. Not where Manuel was concerned.

MANUEL was small, dark, smooth. His eyes took Bill in swiftly, questioningly. "Sorry to trouble you," Bill apologized. "But something happened I think you ought to

know about. I called on Karl this evening—"

Manuel's bright eyes seemed to cloud uneasily. He said, "Si, Señor. I know the gentleman."

"Gentleman!" Bill laughed. "He just took a pot-shot at me!"

Manuel's eyes blinked rapidly and he leaned forward. "Someone, señor, took a—pot-shot at you? But Karl—you must be mistaken—"

Bill showed the wound. He said, "Karl talked as if he figured he had the deal tied up. When I told him I thought I stood a chance yet, he looked worried. And on the way home—this!"

"There must be some mistake!" Manuel looked flustered, almost frightened. "You could prove nothing . . ."

Bill hesitated, knowing now that Karl had really done his work well, had sold himself to Manuel. This required finesse, had to be handled right and, above all else, would require convincing proof before Manuel could be swayed.

Bill said, "I figured that since you and Karl had reached no agreement, I had a good chance of doing business with you."

"Señor, I have agreed to nothing as yet but—" "Scared of him?"

"Señor!" Manuel's eyes flashed with indignation. "You forget—"

"Okay," Bill soothed. "Sorry. But I told Karl that I didn't think you'd be foolish enough to do business with him. Our country needs the rubber and it's just as important to your people as to mine. It means protection for us all. If I were you I'd keep an eye open for trouble. Karl doesn't pull his punches. If you knew the truth, it would be that Karl is a foreign agent!"

Many of the lights were out in the town below as Bill climbed once more toward the villa, where he had set up office and living quarters. Uneasiness dogged him. Karl was dangerous and Manuel couldn't be convinced. Proof would be necessary, but how to get that?

Again Bill approached from the back, entered and made his way through the darkness to the screened veranda. He stood in the doorway for a short time, looking down through the trees toward the harbor, listening to the insects outside, once again the faint sound of a guitar. It was late but Bill didn't feel sleepy. His arm ached. Karl had tried once and his next attempt would probably be more successful . . . Karl would be cautious.

Turning back into the front room Bill found and lit the lamp. He straightened—

A familiar voice said smoothly, "I have been waiting, my friend. You were out on—business?"

Bill turned cautiously to face Karl. "Yes, on business. What of it?"

Karl's long legs were stretched out before him as he rested back in the chair. One slim white hand held a slender barreled revolver and Bill recognized the type and laughed.

"What is the joke?" Karl demanded. "It isn't funny—"

"I had you tagged right," Bill said. "That Luger gives you away. And you weren't so sure of yourself or you wouldn't have tried to get me out of the way!"

For a moment Karl hesitated, anger brightening the blue of his eyes. "Very clever," he admitted. "However, what good will it do you now?"

Bill leaned against the table. "What happens when I don't show up tomorrow? I told Manuel I'd be around—"

"Ah, but you won't be! And nothing will happen. You will simply disappear. No one will question it here!"

"Manuel will. He knows about you taking a pot-shot at me earlier tonight. I warned him—"

Karl smiled. "Useless to talk," he said. "By the time Manuel decides to interest himself in your disappearance, my business will be concluded and nothing will matter after that!"

He took out a cigarette from his case, applied the flame of a lighter, eyes flickering for a moment from Bill . . .

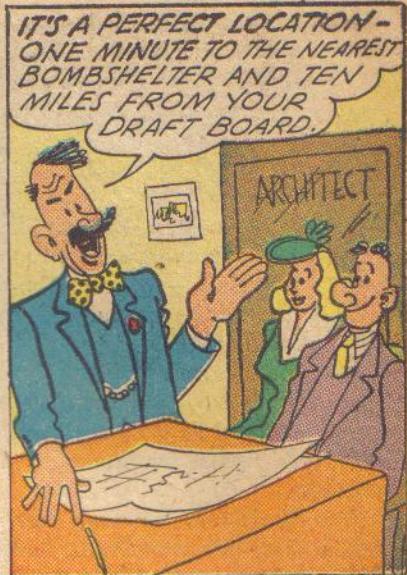
Bill scooped the lamp up, catching it in a sweeping arc of his hand, sending it hurtling straight toward Karl who dropped his lighter, and twisted aside in an effort to duck. His long fingers snatched up the gun. It barked flatly but Bill had leaped to the side, then forward. He drove in as Karl sprang up. They slammed together, crashed over the edge of the chair. Karl's head struck the floor with a dull thud and he moaned once softly and lay still.

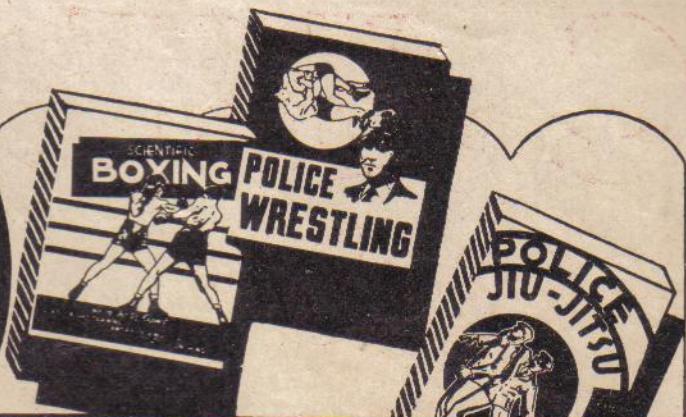
KARL tested bound wrists while Bill looked down, waiting to speak. "Too bad you fumbled," Bill said finally. "You're the smart guy who doesn't incriminate himself—"

"What can you prove?" Karl snarled. "Nothing!"

"I'll leave that part up to the government down here," Bill said. "I think it will be convinced. I've been hoping you'd make a break like this. You hung yourself and made it possible for me to do business with Manuel. Thanks, my friend. Thanks a lot!"

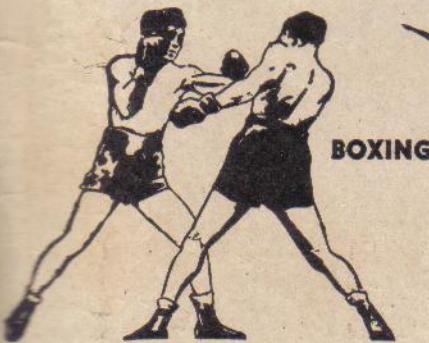
BLUEBOLTS and N.Y.S.



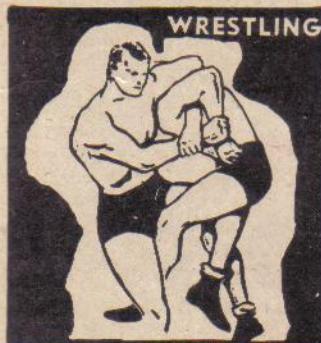


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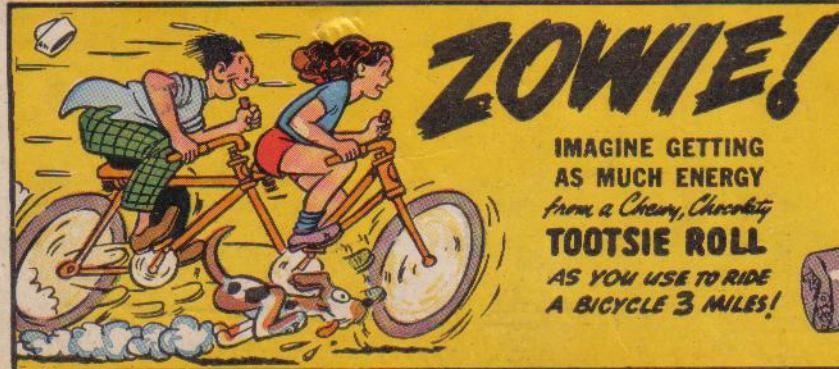
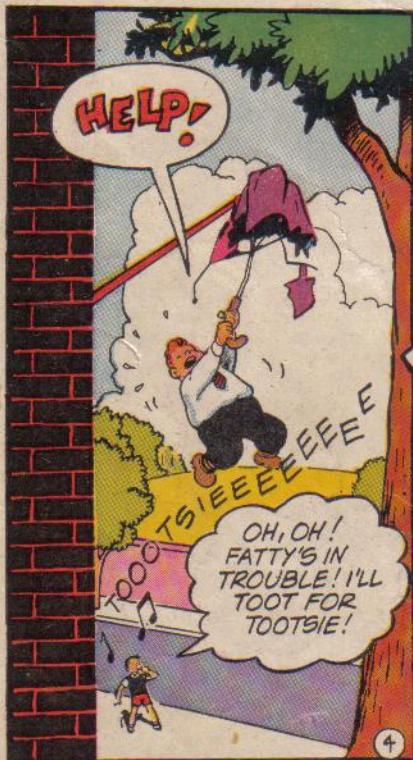
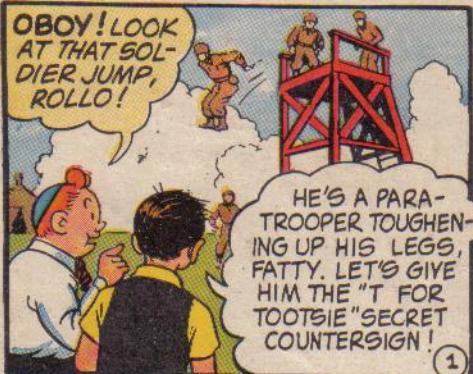
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